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New
Statesman

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THATCHER'S 59 DUFF NOTES

TERRY TASTARD: Tories turn on the Church

EMILIANO MAGON: Earthquake rescues Mexico's rulers

PETER KELLNER & AUSTIN MITCHELL at Bournemouth

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The laws that govern London's transport are about to be changed, and if they're implemented more or less anybody will be able to operate their own bus service.

The idea is that increased competition will bring fares down.

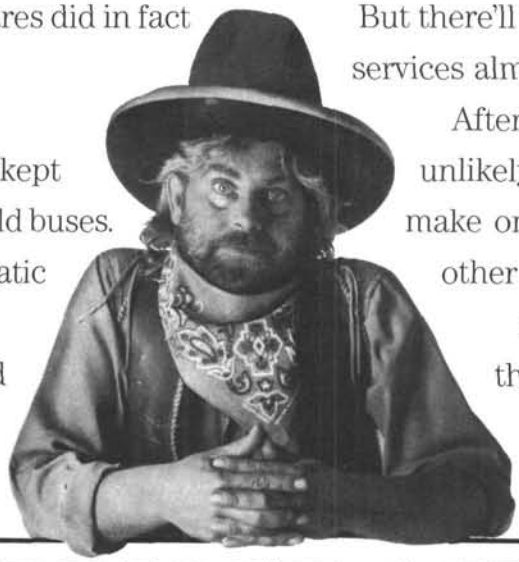
It's an idea that's recently had a trial run in Hereford, and some fares did in fact come down.

But so did standards.

The new bus operators kept costs down by running very old buses.

Also by running very erratic services.

And by failing to spend much money on safety or servicing.



SOON, ALMOST ANYBODY WILL BE ABLE TO SET UP A BUS SERVICE IN LONDON.

As a result two of Hereford's three new operators were eventually banned from the streets.

The other one went out of business, along with two bus companies that had served Hereford well for years before the experiment began.

Now Hereford has just one effective bus company, no real competition and fares have started to rise again.

But Hereford, is a nice small town, where cowboy operators are easily spotted and easily traced.

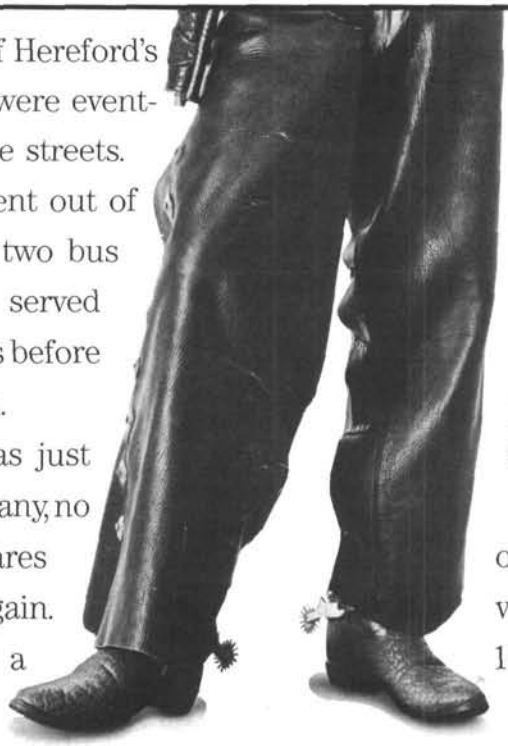
So what will it be like when they come to London?

Well, it's true there could be plenty of cut-price services clogging up money-making routes like Oxford Street.

But there'll be high-priced infrequent services almost everywhere else.

After all, private operators are unlikely to spend the money they make on busy routes to subsidise other less profitable services.

And there's little chance that they'll spend it on bus shelters or bus maps. Or travel passes that let you change from bus to bus or bus to underground.



And there's certainly no profit to be made from free bus passes for senior citizens.

So before we turn our bus services over to just anybody, perhaps somebody should do something?

The next opportunity will occur when the House of Lords votes on the Transport Bill on 14th October.

CAPITAL TRANSPORT CAMPAIGN

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ON WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LONDON'S TRANSPORT SYSTEMS, WRITE TO CAPITAL TRANSPORT CAMPAIGN, HEADLAND HOUSE, 308 GRAYS INN ROAD, LONDON, WC1X 8DP.

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NEXT WEEK

NOTES FROM A GARRET

In a small room in Camberwell, by the heat of her pink paraffin fire, JANET FRAME (left) began work on her next novel — and at last got reviews. Her vivid description is in our extract from her forthcoming autobiography.

WHAT PRICE EDUCATION?

Higher education starts its new year with the staff oddly united on one thing: hostility to the government's Green Paper on its future. PAUL FLATHER looks at the efforts to uphold educational values against the invading business ethos

ISRAEL'S WAR

Israel's war against the PLO broke new ground this week with the raid on Tunisia. CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports on why — and the US reaction

BOOKS GALORE

In next week's books pages IAN THOMSON comes to praise Beatrice Webb's diaries, ROBERT SHEPPARD tackles the new collection of *NS* poetry editor Hugo Williams (right), BASIL DAVIDSON reflects on the career of Milovan Djilas and STEVEN ROSE on the origins of life

New Statesman

Vol 110 No 2845 4 October 1985

Kinnock — only half way there

LAST WEEK we said that Neil Kinnock had two jobs to do at this week's Labour Party Conference in Bournemouth. He had to establish his authority as leader; and he had to establish the character of his brand of democratic socialism.

When Kinnock was elected as leader in 1983, he seemed to hold out the last best hope of recreating a political programme and a coalition that could once again win the support of the majority of the electorate. Like the fact of his election itself, the hope was based on a coalition within the spectrum of the Labour Party between the old Right and Centre and the new soft Left, which was Neil Kinnock's own personal constituency. That political strategy was based on the assumption that the hard Left within the party would be pushed into impotent internal opposition.

By the time this Bournemouth conference began it was clear that the hard Left — its self-confidence restored by the extent to which it had been able to make the political running over issues like the miners' strike and the resistance to the government's assault on local government — was throwing down a direct challenge to Kinnock. At fringe meetings and in the caucuses, the hard left was speaking and behaving as if once again it was on the brink of getting control of Conference and of the Party.

There was the same mixture of those who declared their faith that full-blooded socialism alone would win over the electorate; those whose view was that remaining true to the principles of full-blooded socialism is more important than winning over the electorate; and those who do not believe that winning over the electorate is a relevant part of the political process.

NEIL KINNOCK had no option but to meet this challenge frontally, if he was to send a clear message to the country that his version of democratic socialism is different and that it includes the goal of winning the next general election. He could have limited himself to a general statement of his political priorities.But instead he chose the highest risk strategy open to him — a direct and personal attack on the Militant leadership of Liverpool Council and on Arthur Scargill himself.

At Bournemouth tactical errors reduced the effectiveness of Neil Kinnock's response. He seems to have been persuaded (wrongly) that putting himself down to speak in the debate on the miners' resolution might spring the Transport & General at least to abstain. The result, however, was that his counter attack came in two parts — against Militant on Tuesday and against Scargill on Wednesday. Further, his attack on Scargill inevitably seemed to be exactly the kind of disloyal attack on the NUM itself that was calculated to make even his warmest supporters queasy.

Neil Kinnock has, though, now put down his leadership marker in the firmest possible way. In effect he has said that a Labour Party closely identified with the kind of 'posture politics' of Liverpool's Labour leadership and with 'Scargillism' (as distinct from support for the coal industry and its workforce) stands no chance of winning the next election. The majority of delegates at Bournemouth (even those who gave emotional and symbolic support to the NUM by voting against the National Executive on Wednesday) appeared to accept this analysis readily enough.

Such energy as was left over at Bournemouth after the internal

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feuding was mainly taken up with an attack on the record of the Thatcher government. Neil Kinnock's keynote speech, it is true, contained some signposts as to the general direction in which his version of democratic socialism may be found.

After years of suffering under a government of destruction Labour was promising to provide a 'government of production'. In place of a philosophy which gloried in individualism and the pursuit of profit, Labour would use the State to be an effective servant of the people — a State which did not press down upon the shoulders of the people but which supported their feet.

Yet there is still a mile to go before groups in our society which have not traditionally thought of Labour as their natural champion are convinced that there is in all this a new vision that deserves their active support and participation. The party is still far from being perceived as one that is actively concerned with the problems and rights of women, of ethnic minorities, of those deprived of civil liberties, or of those concerned with the environment.

Even without internal division, the fact is that there is very little time left before the next general election to develop these themes or to change these perceptions, for, as Neil Kinnock himself said this week, elections are won in years not weeks. □

Political voice for blacks

NO GOVERNMENT THIS century, since the Liberals manoeuvred before the First World War to suppress the angry frustration of miners, women demanding the vote and the Irish demanding independence, has presided over so many violent reactions to political and economic injustice as the current Tory administration. It is ironic that it is a government that has so stridently declaimed itself to be the party of law and order and national unity. It follows from the fact that this is a government which has committed itself to a deliberate policy of high unemployment, minimal public spending and upholding 'national security' above civil freedoms.

Last weekend, two women were raped in the upsurge of riotous violence in Brixton, as though they were the spoils of war. Last month, two men were killed in the fires in Handsworth. Men died during the miners' strike and the first Toxteth disturbances. As those who have been willingly or unwillingly involved in riot know, such outpourings onto the street of aggressive energy can carry the bitter, distorted echo of the 'festival of the oppressed', an eruption of those who are made outcasts by a society which allows meaningful citizenship only to those who have a job, and who can share the common language of choosing and buying consumer goods. To live in any town in Britain without hope of a job, without hope of being treated with respect, is to be an exile in the avenues of shop windows and advertising hoardings, an outsider staring in at the televised world of endless goods to be bought and remote politicians whose goals seem equally unattainable.

The continued riots of this week give a special relevance to the black sections debate at Labour's conference. There is probably a consensus across Britain, stretching to the fringes of the Conservative Party, that the economic policy of a national government must embrace all the country's citizens. And that means, simply, it must have a reflationary economic policy. But just as important is the question of political rights, and political representation. There are few black leaders who will condemn the use of mass street violence, even if they advise against it, because they understand what lies behind. They recognise that the legitimate channels of pressure and protest have yielded the black community almost nothing. Nonetheless, most also know that street uprisings are a political cul-de-sac. Such outburst are, in essence, both spontaneous — and uncontrollable. Like wars, they can offer carte blanche to any lawless action; and if they inspire some people to rape and kill, the mindless end of the Law and Order case is only strengthened.

And that is why the issue of political representation is so crucial. Local councils may name streets after heroic leaders of African liberation struggles; but however vital their example is for the culture of black politics here, their political example from another continent has a limited relevance to people destined to be the minority here, in their own country. Yet to talk, as some Labour leaders have, with blithe complacency about the Labour Party's ability to represent all black people without special provision for their voice is to be blind and deaf to the failings of political democracy today. Of course, black and white people share many identical problems created by unemployment and inner city dereliction. The Labour Party needs to represent that common need as the class issue it is, and that is one reason why so many black people have opposed separate black sections.

But to deny that black people face overwhelming forms of exclusion over and above class ones merely invites white people to collude in that oppression. Thus black people do need separate forms of representation to deal with oppressions that only they experience. If we want the overall political aspirations of black people to be represented by the Labour Party, that means black people having the right to form black sections, so long as this isn't allowed to result in fragmentation of the Labour Party *nationally* into a federal structure of, say, the black, the women's, the trade union and the constituency sections. In order that progress can be made on the demand, however, black people need now to produce the public policy analysis and demands which demonstrate what all black people do have in common. And for that, there needs to be a concerted political drive against the sectarianism that has plagued many of the efforts in the past to create black unity round political campaigns. □

gruesome gizmos

Remember how the rich were going to be squeezed until the pips squeaked?

Never really happened did it?

This week **New Statesman** is changing all that. In partnership with Armitage Products we're giving away 100 'Pet Hates' to our readers. They're pliable, six inches tall and designed by Luck and Flaw of Spitting Image. And they squeak. They've been hanging around the office for a couple of weeks now and are driving us all mad.

To see if you're going to have a chance to kick Maggie and Ronnie around, turn to one of the competitions in this week's **New Statesman**. Revenge is available wherever you see this sign.

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'SATURDAY TAUGHT ME IT TAKES SECONDS, NOT HOURS, FOR FULL RIOT TO BREAK OUT'

WISEMAN KHUZWAYO, who lives in Brixton, South London, and is a journalist who has written for the *NS*, was out on the Brixton streets with the *Sunday Times* team after news of the shooting of Mrs Groce by a police officer on Saturday morning (28 September). Khuzwayo was outside the local police station by the late afternoon, among Mrs Groce's relatives. Full-scale riot was not on his mind

John Sturrock/Network

Furniture store that was looted and torched in Gresham Rd, near the police station — the press too had bad experiences in Brixton. One photographer filmed the burning of his own car

I TURNED UP at Brixton police station to hear what the relatives and friends of Mrs Cherry Groce's family had to say to the police. Although the atmosphere had been getting tenser and tenser during the day, I hardly expected a riot that evening.

5.30 pm: about 20 members of the delegation were confronting six officers about the shooting. We were standing at the side entrance and on the pavement behind us the crowd was rapidly swelling. The delegation clearly wasn't satisfied with the police explanation that an enquiry was now under way. The crowd began shouting protests. A woman next to me shouted at one of the officers: 'Come out, we want to talk to you.' He crisply replied: 'I'm happy where I'm standing and will speak from here.'

5.45 pm: Police and the delegation were still facing each other. Someone threw a bottle at the police, who responded by running for cover inside the station, closing the gate behind them.

Most of the crowd dashed towards the front of the station. It all began on a very low level. A few people, not more than ten, started throwing stones at the police station, breaking windows. Before long, it became a situation of utter confusion. The station was now a target of a hail of missiles with the police being forced to run away from the front. I heard someone shout: 'Petrol bombs!', but didn't see any.

'Comet of fire'

The situation had now got out of control and was extremely dangerous. It was during this confusion, with people running in all directions to collect more missiles, that I saw a comet of fire heading straight for the police station.

That was the first petrol bomb. It made a direct hit inside the second floor. It was followed by another bomb which landed at the same place. Flames went up, at first appearing as if they were going to spread to the floor above, but were soon put under control.

Two police vans parked next to the police station had to speed away under a hail of stones, and by now there was no policeman in sight.

6.15 pm: Two policemen, one carrying a loudhailer, emerged from the side entrance, accompanied by two community leaders. One officer told the crowd through the loudhailer: 'Will you please listen to what this gentleman has to say?' The community leader didn't get a chance to utter even a single word as a petrol bomb landed on their feet, barely five yards from me.

The sudden realisation of how close I was to being on fire sent me sprinting away to no particular direction. Youths wearing masks were running all around throwing bricks, stones and bottles at the police station.

6.30 pm: The first platoon of officers carrying riot shields emerged from the station and was immediately set upon by the crowd. It must have taken them almost 10 minutes to cover the distance of around 80 yards from the police station to Brixton Road.

While this skirmish was going on 200 yards up the road, at the shopping centre, wholesale looting had begun. It started with Burton's. The looters, entering in small numbers, were helping themselves to expensive garments, most of which were put on immediately.

Looters on 'rampage'

One looter shouted that they must stop wasting their time on Burton's and go for Reliance jewellery shop instead, which is only yards away. There the looters joined hands and with their shoulder blades banged and pushed against the corrugated iron door, which soon gave in. It then became a real rampage as people rushed in and came out with cases of jewellery. Within seconds, the pavement was littered with boxes which had contained gems.

Then it was Dunn's. It is difficult to say exactly when it was set on fire because at that time police reinforcements had arrived and were charging at anyone they though was a rioter.

Although I had my press card with me I found myself having to sprint away from the police on a number of occasions. My black colour made me a rioter in the eyes of the officers.

A walk northwards on Brixton Road revealed a large number of small shops that had been looted, with off-licenses the major victims.

1.30 am Sunday: As I walked home, passing carcases of burnt-out cars, nostalgic memories of Soweto in 1976 returned to me. Whatever similarities there may be, only time will tell. Saturday night taught me one thing: it doesn't take hours or minutes to have a full riot. It's only a matter of seconds. ●

'The cops still kick ass'

A BRIXTON resident and member of Gay London Police Monitoring Project made for the Brixton law centre on Saturday afternoon as soon as he heard about the shooting. He joined other volunteers staffing the phones from 6.30 pm to 3 am Sunday morning:

'It was utterly frustrating trying to find where arrested people were' *(220 had been arrested by Monday)* 'The calls would come in with descriptions of incidents, and first it would be said that so-and-so was in the Southwark nick, then in the Brixton one, then in the Kennington one, then in Clapham.

'Some solicitors were denied access at the police stations, until Ted Knight' *(leader of Lambeth council)* 'got onto the police about it. Anyway we weren't able to get hold of enough solicitors from around the area — those who did turn out are really to be congratulated.

'Don't I remember when Sir Kenneth Newman took over as Commissioner of Metropolitan Police he assured everyone he'd be able to get any riot under control "in 30 minutes"? I can't understand why the police were so unprepared.

'As a white man who's got a job I can't really experience what it's like to be black and get kicked around — and the police *are* still kicking black ass, despite Scarman — but some of the black *and* white youth round here just aren't going to take much more. What's more, the young have the tacit support of the older generation.

'The police have been criminalising people here for years. To put it dramatically, there's a real passion for freedom.' ●

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Council scoreboard

22 August

Grimsby DC	SDP GAIN (Lab)
Mendip DC	LIB GAIN (Lab)
Harrogate DC	LIB GAIN (Ind)
Ryedale DC	IND GAIN (Lib)

29 August

Bolton DC	LIB GAIN (Con)

5 September

Thanet DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Fylde DC	CON GAIN (Ind)
Gtr Manchester	Lab hold
Lliw Valley DC	Lab hold
Brecknock DC	Lab hold
Wellingborough DC	Con hold
Salisbury DC	Lib hold

12 September

Stockton DC	SDP GAIN (Lab)
Kent CC	Lab hold
Tower Hamlets LBC	Lab hold
Dartford	Con hold

19 September

Tynedale DC	LAB GAIN (Ind)
Notts CC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Woodspring DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Beverley DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Canterbury DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Chesterfield DC	Lab hold
Lancaster DC	Lab hold
Lancaster DC	Lab hold
Gedling DC	Con hold

26 September

Hounslow LBC	SDP GAIN (Lab)
Three Rivers DC	SDP GAIN (Lab)
Mid Sussex DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Horsham DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Staffs CC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Carrick DC	LIB GAIN (Ind)
South Staffs DC	LIB GAIN (Ind)
Arfon DC	PLAID GAIN (Ind)
Basingstoke DC	Lab hold
High Peak DC	Lab hold
Newcastle DC	Lab hold
Newcastle DC	Lab hold
Northampton DC	Lab hold
Westminster LBC	Lab hold
Wolverhampton DC	Lab hold
Northampton DC	Con hold
Solihull DC	Con hold
Waveney DC	Con hold
Waveney DC	Con hold
Havering LBC	Lib hold
Newcastle DC	Lib hold
Stockport DC	Lib hold

Alliance sustains lead in autumn's local polling

THE ALLIANCE lead over both Conservative and Labour in recent opinion polls was reflected in local council by-elections over the last six weeks.

Altogether 47 by-elections have been held since 22 August. The gains and losses table is as follows:

	Seats defended	Seats lost	Seats gained	Seats held now
Con	16	9	1	8
Lab	20	5	1	16
Lib	4	1	8	11
SDP	—	—	9	9
Others	7	6	2	3

In 34 of the 47 seats candidates from Labour, the Conservatives and the Alliance were all represented. Altogether nearly 84,000 votes were cast in these three-cornered contests.

They were divided as follows:

Alliance	34,329	40.9%
Labour	22,475	26.8%
Conservative	26,227	31.2%
Others	948	1.1%

Labour's disappointment can be marginally offset by the handful of seats with very high Alliance votes which distort the final figures. However, the same bias existed last month, but then Labour was in second place and not third as now.

The London borough of Hounslow saw a battle of GLC transport chairs. Jim Daly, Labour chair in the 1973-77 administration and now SDP, defeated the current Labour chair, Dave Wetzel, in a previously safe Labour seat. The SDP advance in Nottinghamshire continues: they overturned a 1,000 Tory majority (in a seat only fought in May) to win by 114 votes.

Labour's news was not all bad: in a ward in Brecon & Radnor constituency they overwhelmingly defeated a Liberal challenge. Also, in the London borough of Tower Hamlets Labour saw off a strong SDP campaign and retained the marginal Blackwall ward.

However, there is least comfort of all for the Conservatives this month. The most persistent feature of these by-elections, which long pre-dates their current disastrous poll ratings, has been the substantial loss of Conservative seats month after month.

As Conservative delegates gather for their Conference at Blackpool next week their party managers may well reflect that it is the loss of so many safe wards throughout the country which has produced the record number of critical motions on their agenda.

David Cowling

Hayhoe again

NEW health minister Barney Hayhoe has confirmed fears (*NS* 13 September) that his Catholicism and his record as minister presiding over Customs & Excise seizures of imported lesbian and gay reading matter (*NS* 23 August) would affect ministerial pronouncements on AIDS, by publicly advocating monogamy for 'high risk' groups on *Weekend World*, 29 September. More responsibly, however, he has released (26 September) £900,000 of extra public funding.

Andrew Lumsden

As the YTS death-toll rises . . .

PARENTS CRY SHAME ON TRIVIAL COMPENSATION

YOUNGSTERS are continuing to be killed on the Government's Youth Training Scheme (YTS), in shocking circumstances, and at the alarming rate of one death every eight weeks. QUENTIN McDERMOTT reports

A TOTAL of 14 trainees have now died on YTS — and 35 in all on YTS and its predecessor, YOP, since 1979. Since the *NS* last reported (17 August 1984) a further seven trainees have met their deaths.

Jonathan Buckmaster

A seriously hurt YTS trainee

Three raise serious questions about safety standards and the level of supervision given to trainees.

A 17 year-old trainee welder, Stephen Bourne, was found dead at an engineering factory in Stoke-on-Trent in mid-July. His body lay undiscovered for nearly 24 hours — despite the fact that trainees are supposed to be properly supervised at all times. Stephen's body was found by employees clocking in the next morning. He had died from oxyacetylene poisoning.

In a second case, a 16 year-old trainee, Stuart Platt, was electrocuted while operating a steam-cleaning machine at a farm in Heywood, Rochdale. The machine came 'live', following at least two earlier warnings from the Health and Safety Executive that the electrical installation should be checked.

At Stuart's inquest, the coroner said that unskilled amateur workmanship, lack of maintenance and electrical knowledge, and a faulty switch had contributed to the accident. 'It almost constituted a lottery. Almost any person who came into contact with the machine in question could have been the victim of electrocution,' he said. He added, 'I am precluded from indicating any verdict that smacks of negligence.'

In the third case, earlier this year, a 16 year-old trainee, Stuart McEwan, died at an auto breakdown firm in Maybole, Ayrshire, after the Ford Fiesta he was working on fell on him. A scissors car jack had collapsed. Stuart was not being supervised at the time.

His father, Jim McEwan, has asked for a fatal accident inquiry, but no date has yet been fixed. Even so, the Health and Safety Executive (HSE) and the MSC's own Safety Advisor have already given the premises the 'all-clear.' In a recent letter to MP George Foulkes (*Carrick, Cumnock & Doon Valley*), the MSC's area manager said there was no longer a trainee at the company, 'since the Group Training Association do not need it as a work placement.'

Like several other parents of dead trainees, Jim McEwan has received the child's death grant of £22.50. Some of the parents have been sent cheques for £78 in compensation.

The law's delays

One of the most outspoken parents, Richard Cain, from Sheffield, is still waiting for his claim for damages against the MSC, the Department of Employment, and former Employment Secretary Norman Tebbit, to come to court — nearly three years after his son Derek died, horrifically, at a paper-baling factory where he was on a YOP scheme.

The firm was fined £2,500 for seven breaches of the Factories Act following his death. This week, following an investigation into another serious accident, to a 19 year-old employee, the company faces further legal action by the HSE alleging breaches of regulation on the notification of accidents, and, possibly, breaches of the Health and Safety at Work Act.

Richard Cain and other parents have appealed unsuccessfully to Mrs Thatcher for compensation comparable to that handed out by the government following the Bradford fire disaster. Richard Cain points out that, in sheer numerical terms, the loss of life on government training schemes is fast approaching the Bradford football ground death toll.

Mrs Thatcher has told Cain that 'in the Bradford case, the government was responding to a large-scale, unforseen disaster, whereas the Industrial Injuries Scheme exists as a permanent facility for the families of those who are killed or injured in employment or on training schemes.'

As a shining example of this permanent facility, Cain, a single parent, has now been invited by the MSC to apply for a payment of £52 in compensation for his son's death in 1982. ●

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Manley report calls for reflation by First World

NEIL KINNOCK has fully endorsed an ambitious plan put together by Michael Manley, Jamaica's opposition leader, to reflate the world economy. The plan, in effect a socialist-style Brandt Report, calls for the relief of Third World debts and a massive injection of new money into the poorest countries.

The detailed proposals are presented in *Global Challenge*, released by the Socialist International to coincide with next week's crucial meeting of the International Monetary Fund (IMF) in Seoul and Labour Party Conference in Bournemouth this week.

'We think the IMF approach is bringing the world to the point of catastophe', says Manley. The Manley Report argues that a Labour-led Britain with other 'like-minded' nations in Europe and the Third World should together make a start on recovery, without waiting for the United States to change its policies. The report also reiterates calls for collective action by nations to tackle unemployment and Third World poverty.

'There is no conflict between managed trade and the kind of recovery that is outlined in this report', Kinnock told journalists. 'Our import problems relate to South Korea, Japan and West Germany, not to the poor countries of Africa, Latin America and the Indian sub-continent'.

A general recovery by the industrial nations, it is estimated, would create up to 30 million jobs mainly in the United States and Europe over ten years, and increase the wealth of developing countries by half, claims the Manley Report. Even recovery pursued by a group of like-minded countries would promote 'a significant recovery in the North with sizeable gains for the exports of Third World countries.'

Camera Press

'Looming catastrophe' — Michael Manley

Global Challenge includes substantial inputs from Willy Brandt of West Germany, Jan Pronk from Holland and Celso Futardo, the Brazilian economist. It is a deliberate extension of the original Brandt Report, which declared back in 1980 that there was a 'mutuality of interest' in recovery for rich and poor nations.

John Tanner

'Global Challenge, from crisis to co-operation: breaking through the North-South stalemate', by Michael Manley, pub. Pan Books, 221 pages, £2.95.

Video theft ends monkey experiments

A TWO-YEAR campaign by the Scottish Anti-Vivisection Society (SAVS) against a joint US-UK research project which involved deliberately damaging monkeys' brains has resulted in victory.

Both Pennsylvania and Glasgow universities have recently abandoned the work because of the public controversy caused by video tapes of monkeys being cruelly tortured which were stolen from the Pennsylvanian laboratory by animal rights activists (*NS* 23 November 1984).

'Until the law protects animals, people are going to have to break the law to offer them protection' says SAVS organiser John Robins, who now has to concentrate on raising funds to offset the serious deficit incurred by his successful campaign.

Rob Edwards

Donations can be sent to SAVS, 121 West Regent St, Glasgow G2 2SD.

Low radiation

DR ALICE STEWART'S contention that very low levels of radiation can cause cancer has been vindicated by the recent Medical Research Council report on nuclear industry workers, according to a Central Television documentary due to be broadcast in the Midlands this Monday (7 October). The report suggested that international safety standards could be between five and 15 times too low.

Thirty years ago, Alice Stewart was the first person to warn of the dangers of X-raying pregnant women — which are now widely appreciated. Now 79 and one of the few women to be elected to the Royal College of Physicians, she continues her work in a portakabin at Birmingham University. According to the documentary: 'History is repeating itself. Her work is again being vindicated and again she is getting little of the credit.'

Rob Edwards

MISCELLANY

Sterling fellows

Comings and goings at the Bank of England. Last Wednesday's surprise appointment of George Blunden to replace the outgoing Kit MacMahon as Deputy Governor masks an internal power struggle between three existing Bank directors. Blunden had to be brought back to the Bank, after a couple of years outside in the real world, because the selection of any one of the three as MacMahon's successor — the candidates were Anthony Loehnis of the international division, Eddie George from gild edged, and David Walker from industrial finance — would have resulted in the other two leaving the Bank. David Walker exemplifies the difficulties Thatcher faced in deciding on a successor; thought by many to be the most able of the candidates, he is also the most arrogant. A (no doubt apocryphal) story tells of him receiving a visitor from the world of insurance. The gentleman was ushered in only to receive a three quarters of an hour lecture from Walker on insurance's place in the city revolution. Eventually his visitor managed to get a word in edgeways: 'But Mr Walker, I only wanted to sell you some . . .''

New Jericho

Hot news from Berlin. The Wall is falling down. As with all good municipal monuments of the 60s it's made of concrete, and East German concrete obviously not being greatly different from that produced in the West, the Wall now suffers from concrete blight. In some places you can actually peer through from the West to the mines and tracker dogs on the other side. There is however the tricky problem of how the edifice is to be rebuilt, since the 'good neighbour' option of working on it from both sides of the garden fence is not open. We contacted the two German embassies. Their responses differed somewhat. The East Germans said it wasn't their responsibility and we should approach the relevant authorities inside the GDR. The West Germans said that they'd actually prefer it if the Wall wasn't there at all. Of course.

Fluck & Lawlessness

Clever old you. The trickle of entries for our absurd contest to invent sitcoms named after well-known periodicals has become a tsunami. From Alison Prince, of Stamford, Lincs: 'THE DAILY MAIL' — Because of its fresh charm, this series has been described by some as "Postman Pat for grownups", but the questions which lie below the surface will hold viewers riveted to the screen. What happens in the Special Sorting Room, under the steely eye of Stone (*Lee Montague*)? Why are letters delivered to CND campainer Sue Marcher (*Vivian Pickles*) always resealed with Sellotape? Laugh with village postmistress Lettie Bagg (*Thora Hird*) in her hopeless pursuit of crusty pensioner Sam Dorf (*Warren Mitchell*), and enjoy the Pennine scenery with pedalling postie Pat (*Felicity Kendall*) on her action-packed round.' Fluck & Law squeaky puppet on its way. Keep 'em rolling.

Absurder yet

Anguished cries from the Absurder. *Our favourite Sunday paper's new look includes an expenses crack-down, as 'Tiny' claws back recent settlement costs with production staffs. Literary editor Terry Kilmartin, translator of Proust and a doyen of the paper, was told to hand over £1.38, price of a packet of fags he'd ordered for his guest at some caff, and which appeared on the restaurant invoice*

when he handed it in. Columnist Alan Watkins, famous for his economies (he takes a taxi to El Vino's, not a hire-car), was instructed to stay in a B & B, if not indeed a caravan, for the Liberal Assembly, about 80 miles outside Dundee. Fleet St expenses crackdowns come and go, resembling the first cuckoo of spring annual correspondence in The Times, *but the hacks are livid that meanwhile the fashion pages are allowed to hire David Bailey, at vast cost, to take pix.*

Gnome to grovel?

Private Eye continues to bring home the bacon for m'learned friends. Richard Somerset Ward, ex head of music and arts at the BBC, and Tim Pitt, formerly manager of BBC Radio Sheffield, both pilloried in the *Eye*'s pages for their alleged attitudes towards their respective staffs, are trying to drag Lord Gnome through the courts once again. Somerset Ward is understood to be seeking around £30,000, but the *Eye* stoutly maintains that nothing is settled yet, and, indeed, that nothing will be.

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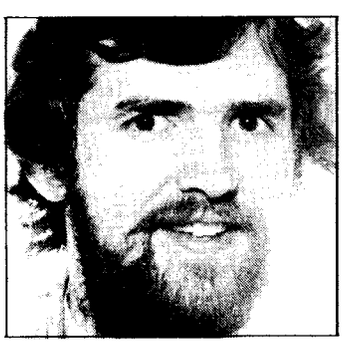

'So are gay rights a vote loser?'

This week's Labour Party conference sees a significant increase in demand for legislation to combat discrimination against lesbians and gay men. In particular there are calls for a Lesbian and Gay Rights Bill, to be supported by a three line whip and Labour MPs, declaring gay acts not to be contrary to the law and making discrimination based on sexuality an actionable civil wrong. In addition local councils are urged to end discrimination in employment and services, and the Labour Party is called on to organise a campaign of education amongst the Party membership.

So why are Gay Rights important? And why are they important for the Labour Party? On the one hand there is an argument about equable opportunities and fairness. Gay relationships are no more unnatural than straight ones, so it is only fair that they should not be regarded as criminal activities.

Yet it goes further than that. When *Gay News* was prosecuted for publishing its poem on Christ, it was said 'there is nothing wrong with homosexuality, but there are limits.' The implication then — and now — is that there *is* something wrong.

Which is why it is so important for the Labour Party to campaign and act against this particular oppression. At a time of fierce Tory moralism through the powers of the State, fuelled by an apparent God-send for media bigotry in the form of AIDS, it is not good enough for any Labour Party supporter, member of representative to stand idly by.

'Simple fairness' is fine in an absolute sense, but evasive evenhandedness cannot counter the police raids on bookshops and clubs, the employment discrimination in councils and education authorities, and the legal refusals to treat gay couples in the same way as heterosexual nuclear families. It is positive action against discrimination which is needed, and the Labour Party Conference is therefore urged to adopt a commitment to legislation, because the law is wrong. The objective must be the creation of an atmosphere where people can feel free to be open about their sexuality.

Conference can learn from some Labour councils here. Housing allocation can recognise gay couples, school materials can reflect gay images alongside heterosexual ones. (Heterosexual activity is 'learned' too). Youth workers can be gay, and grants to gay youth groups can make all the difference to alienated young people. And instead of breathing easily every time there *isn't* a 'Gay council bashing' story in the paper, councils can start pushing the positive aspects of service improvement for gay women and men.

Another difficulty, is that sexual orientation is not visible, nor amenable to monitoring, and lacks the 'status' of race, gender or class. Sexuality does badly in the competitive disadvantaged stakes. Ironically it is often said that Parliament, completely unrepresentative of women, ethnic minorities and disabled people, does have gay MPs. Yet this hasn't produced any more openness, or liberating legislation.

Is this because gay rights are a vote loser? For public figures the spitting image of success depends on votes. But although the local government evidence suggests the issue is not a loser, this is not the point. The Labour Party should change the law because it is the right thing to do, and not instead of or despite anything else. Here as elsewhere Labour will not win the general election by having an image with no policy. The policies have to be clear and unequivocal and *now*, both for votes and for action to be supported in Westminster and in the country as a whole.

John Nicholson

John Nicholson is deputy leader of Manchester city council. Though he didn't himself request us to say so, we'd like to mention that he isn't gay.

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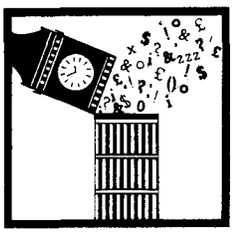

Kinnock was brilliant: what a pity that he had to be

IF THERE IS one criticism to level at Neil Kinnock this week it is that he should have spoken out sooner: at the start of the miners' strike, for example, to make clear that only a strike underwritten by a national ballot deserved unstinting support. But if the wait was longer than many of his friends would have wished, the prize was greater than any could have dared to hope for.

His speech on Tuesday afternoon demonstrated courage and compassion: it was honest and direct. At last he spoke publicly with the same frankness that he displays in private. After two years as leader, the general public has had the chance to witness the qualities that make him a potential prime minister rather than an uncomfortable leader of the opposition.

All immediate attention was devoted to his attack on Liverpool Council's tactics in sending out redundancy notices to its employees. Eric Heffer's walk-out, and the barracking of Kinnock by a small but noisy minority of delegates and visitors, ensured that this brief passage in Kinnock's speech would dominate the headlines. (Tony Benn, perhaps anticipating what would happen, remained away from his fellow Executive members on the platform throughout Kinnock's speech. Instead he sat at the back of the hall, neither heckling nor clapping, nor walking out. He stared fixedly ahead, an ageing politician watching Labour Party history pass him by and out of reach.)

Nor can one blame the media for giving such prominence to that brief passage in Kinnock's speech and its dramatic consequences. Kinnock might not have expected Heffer to walk out, but his intention to raise the ante on Liverpool was clearly intended as the first stage of his assault on the hard Left — the second coming with his speech in the miners' debate on Wednesday. As he began his Tuesday afternoon speech, and before press copies of his text were made available, word went out from the Kinnock camp: 'Watch for the passage on Liverpool: Neil is going to put the boot in.'

Kinnock was going well beyond the machismo politics of 'Arthur or me', or 'back me or sack me', or 'smash Militant'. He was challenging delegates with daring, even brutality, to face up to the difficulties Labour faces if it is to win the next general election. And those difficulties go well beyond the tactics of Liverpool Council or the argument over retrospective legislation.

Kinnock has used these two issues as symbols of a wider point about Labour's electoral appeal. (Three years ago, with little fuss, Labour's conference also voted to back retrospective legislation. Then the vote handsomely exceeded the two-thirds majority needed to incorporate it in the party's programme. But in the following year's general election manifesto, no mention was made of this commitment.)

What Kinnock knows — as do most thinking Labour MPs — is that the party's journey back from oblivion has made too little progress for comfort. The succession of recent opinion polls putting the Alliance in first place, combined with the local by-election results reported on page 6 of this week's *NS*, confirm what ordinary observation should tell us all: that Labour has no automatic access to the anti-Tory vote, and that there is a real possibility that without a Labour revival, the Liberals and the Social Democrats will become the major anti-Tory force in British politics.

PETER KELLNER

KINNOCK's ambition at Bournemouth, then, the alpha and the omega of his conference strategy, has been to extinguish media talk that he is 'Scargill's poodle', or a prisoner of the hard Left. On Tuesday evening and Wednesday some delegates were complaining that the media had ignored what Kinnock had to say about industrial policy or South Africa or defence.

I doubt whether Kinnock shares those complaints. He might do so in other years, but this week he calculated what impact his Tuesday speech would make, and he calculated correctly. His one miscalculation this week was similar to the mistake he made last year at Blackpool: he staked his personal position on a single vote without first squaring sufficient trade unions to make sure he would win. Last year the issue was one-member-one-vote, this year it has been the miners.

To be sure there are differences between the two votes. Last year the debate took place on the Monday afternoon and the result was in doubt until a few hours before the debate: so the result itself dominated the news. This year, victory for Scargill was discounted 48 hours in advance: so it was Kinnock's Wednesday morning speech that attracted attention.

Again, he did not let his supporters down: and even his enemies can no longer accuse him of lack of courage. Even so, Kinnock miscalculated the effect his announcement last weekend would have. He hoped that his decision to speak in the miners' debate would persuade waverers in the transport workers' and public employees' union delegations to change their minds and vote against the mineworkers' resolution. He failed in both ventures.

Jack Jones, the former transport workers' leader, has made little secret at Bournemouth that things would have worked out differently in his day. He would have ensured closer continuous liaison between the union and party leaderships; he would have arranged with other unions to composite out of existence the handful of threatening words in the mineworkers' resolution; if necessary he would have carried the union's delegation to defeat the miners.

But since Jones retired, the TGWU has not been so effectively led or comprehensively controlled. Its 1.25 million block votes are generally enough in an important vote to rig the outcome: but these days the union's block votes flap around the deck of the Labour Party like rigging gone adrift. It is destabilising, looks dreadful, and can trip up the captain.

At one level it has not mattered too much this week. The miners' resolution failed to achieve a two-thirds majority, so it does not join that mythical pot-pourri of party policies that have the collective title, 'Labour's Programme', from which the next general election manifesto will be drawn.

But at another level, the way conference decisions are made cannot help the Labour Party. At the beginning of the week the Tories pulled off a cheap but effective publicity stunt by touring Bournemouth with leaflets, posters and vans proclaiming: 'Welcome to the Trades Union Conference.' It was cheap and it was nasty: but enough of it was true for some of the mud to stick. With 90 per cent of conference votes in the hands of union delegations, it is not hard for the Tories to sound plausible when they say, as they did in this week's leaflet: 'The Labour Party values the support of the trade union leaders more than it values what you think'.

Kinnock can quite properly respond by saying that every union ballot on the political fund so far has overwhelmingly endorsed continued links with Labour, and that if you think Labour is undemocratic, wait until you see the way the Tories work.

But voters no longer have a choice simply between Labour, with its imperfect democracy, and the Tories with none. For all the obvious jibes against the Liberals and the SDP, their two conferences have been demonstrably more democratic than Labour's. True, the SDP defers almost wholly, and the Liberals largely, to their respective party leaders: but that deference reflects the democratic, if sometimes misguided, choice of party members. Labour still lags behind the Alliance in the party democracy stakes, and not even Neil Kinnock's remarkable personal performance this week can hide that fact. If voters see socialism and democracy in conflict, they are likely to opt for democracy. □

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THATCHER'S FATAL FLAWS

We all know that as the Tory Party goes into annual conference its standing in the opinion polls is lagging behind Labour and the Alliance. But despite her own unpopularity as a person, Margaret Thatcher's reputation as a strong leader has survived the shifting sands of public opinion before. Here we remind those mesmerised by her image, of 59 failures and failings of the woman who wants to be remembered as the Mother of the Nation (and that's another one)

1. Her purchase of an unspeakably naff pseudo-Georgian 'retirement home' on a Barratt's estate in Dulwich (right), which alienated Young Fogeys on aesthetic grounds.

2. Her thumbs-down to Peter Palumbo's Mies van der Rohe building in the City, which alienated the modernist, techno-whizz elements in the Tory Party (and Peter Palumbo).

3. Her laughable delusions of divinity. After the Manchester air crash: 'Those who could not speak I laid my hands on. I wanted them to know I was there.' Did *they* want to know?

4. European Court of Human Rights judgment against corporal punishment. (To be fair, one could point out that caning existed in schools long before Thatcher. But why be fair?)

5. From the 1983 manifesto: 'The climate for new and smaller businesses in the UK has been transformed.' Quite so: in 1978-83 there were a record 80,000 bankruptcies, 20,000 of them in 1983. In the first half of 1985 the record was broken yet again.

6. Her success in revitalising the peace movement.

7. Her long drawn-out campaign to abolish the GLC and Met Counties, which achieved the almost unthinkable — made local government seem both interesting and popular. In October 1983, 54 per cent of Londoners wanted to retain the GLC; by September 1984, 74 per cent did.

8. Her defeat on the Paving Bill, giving Livingstone an extra year in office and handing him ammunition about her 'contempt for democracy'.

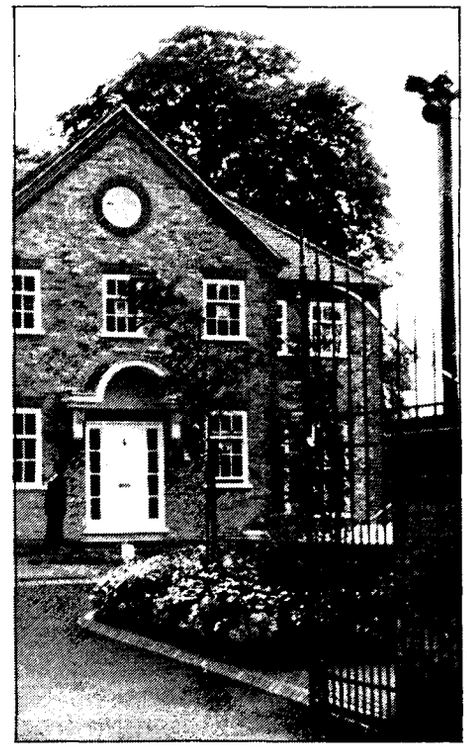
9. Her appointment of Robin Leigh-Pemberton to run the Bank of England, despite her advisers' misgivings. 'In 1987 the question of the Governor's reappointment comes up. Robin Leigh-Pemberton's chances do not look good at the moment' (*The Times*, 27/9/85).

10. John Selwyn Gummer — a satirist's dream.

11. Leon Brittan, less a poodle demented by his mistress (thank you Lord Annan) than a rabbit paralysed by her unforgiving glare.

12. Her failure to stand the pace on her Far Eastern tour, when she confused Malaysia with Indonesia.

13. 'I want everyone to be a man of property'



Camera Press

The retirement home: best omen of the year

(Radio 4, 6/5/84). In February 1985, the rate of defaulting on mortgage repayments reached record levels.

14. Her humiliating failure to be warned in advance of the American invasion of Grenada. ('The Americans,' she said in 1983, 'can rely on me absolutely in defence and in everything in which I believe.')

15. 'Proper monetary discipline is essential' (manifesto, 1979). Fat chance: the Medium Term Financial Strategy was abandoned within a year, to be replaced by a series of tight monetary targets which haven't been met. High interest rates have driven the money supply onwards and upwards.

16. Her sentimental attachment to fatherly figures in their dotage, viz Lord Hailsham, the Mad Monk, Sir Geoffrey Howe (not to mention his trousers).

17. Her *Lèse majestè*: she refers to 'my ministers' when they're the Queen's, undertakes quasi-royal tours (Falklands etc.) and uses the royal 'we'. Reagan calls her 'Defender of the Realm'. Not surprisingly, the real Queen is said to detest her.

18. Her U-turn over student grants, after antagonising thousands of Tory-voting middle-class parents.

19. Her embarrasing defeat after only two games of her ping-pong match of 'spy expulsions' with the Soviet Union.

20. Her petty jingoism: she's replaced the portraits of foreigners in No 10 with those of Great Britons such as Wellington and Nelson, taken from the nation's art galleries. ('Of course, they won't let us have the really valuable ones,' she complained.)

21. Her small-minded triumphalism over Argentinians (over 1000 dead enemies). Ditto miners: Even friendly foreign governments were shocked at the price she was prepared to pay to defeat her number one enemy.

22. Her appointment of Peter Levene as Chief of Defence Procurement in December 1984: three months later she was forced to admit it was all illegal.

23. Her dislike of other women. The first Prime Minister since 1964 not to appoint a woman to the Cabinet. But the Cabinet Ministers' wives complain she will only discuss the price of beef with them.

24. That Voice. She's changed its *twice*: Alderman Roberts paid for her to have elocution lessons before going to Oxford; then she changed it again to make it lower and less grand. ('I'm not as posh as I sound,' she said in 1977.) The result: a cooing contralto, wholly artificial and loaded with insincerity. The first Prime Minister whom men and women can imitate with equal ease.

25. Her decision to knight journalists — and then forgetting it in the case ('*Mr* Day') of the only one with any stature.

26. Her efforts, now quietly abandoned, to project the Tories as 'the party of the family'. In 1980 the divorce rate reached a record level, and has stayed there ever since; the marriage rate has dropped.

27. Leaks galore: since 1979 there have been more than 35 cases of leaked documents, from every major ministry.

28. Her uncanny ability to blight businesses by giving them her blessing, which might be called the Curse of Thatcher. When she opens a new factory, employees there start counting the days until the receiver is called in.

29. Oxford University's refusal to award her an honorary degree.

30. Her lack of the common touch, a serious failing in a supposedly 'populist' politican. In her first-ever job her workmates called her 'the Duchess'.

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31. Her ineptly timed announcement of top people's pay rises, just as teachers' pay talks verged on an agreement.

32. Prosecution of Sarah Tisdall.

33. And of Clive Ponting.

34. Her all-purpose excuse for cock-ups, which has now become a standing joke: 'I was on holiday at the time.' (Used with reference to Ponting's prosecution, for instance.)

35. Curse of Thatcher, part 94: 'It's thanks to Freddie Laker that you can cross the Atlantic for so much less than it would have cost you in the earlier 1970s. Competition works.' (speech to Conservative Party Conference, 16/10/81). Laker went up the spout three months later.

36. Her announcement in February 1984 that 'there is no racism in the Conservative Party'. Soon afterwards, the Young Conservatives produced an initially suppressed report that concluded: 'There are a number of Conservative councillors and ex-council candidates who were former members of the National Front . . . extremist and racialist forces are at work inside the Conservative Party.'

37. Her haranguing of fellow Europeans about the EEC budget, which has made Britain highly unpopular and to no purpose — we now pay more than before.

38. Nor has she managed to get the budget reformed: two thirds is still spent on subsidising farmers.

39. Cecil Parkinson — need one say more?

40. Her reintroduction of hereditary peerages, which angered her opponents but was so half-hearted that it also annoyed supporters of the hereditary system.

41. Mark Thatcher, the imbecile son. 'Pampered as a child . . . an odious little boy . . .

Camera Press

Half her malignant brood

pomposity was a feature from an early age' (Penny Junor). Failed his accountancy exams three times running, can't cook, gets lost in the desert, embarrasses his mother in Oman, appears in adverts for Playboy Toiletries and Marlboro cigarettes, etc. etc. Nevertheless, Margaret 'won't hear a word against him'.

42. Her ludicrously pious recitation of the prayer of St Francis of Assisi after winning the 1979 election. 'Where there is discord may we bring harmony.' She has presided over more riots and breakdowns of law 'n' order than any living Prime Minister.

43. The Belgrano. Between 1982 and 1984 she and her ministers made at least 20 separate untrue statements to Parliament on the sinking, some of which she's now been forced to own up to.

44. Ian MacGregor, her plastic-bag-wearing gift to the nation.

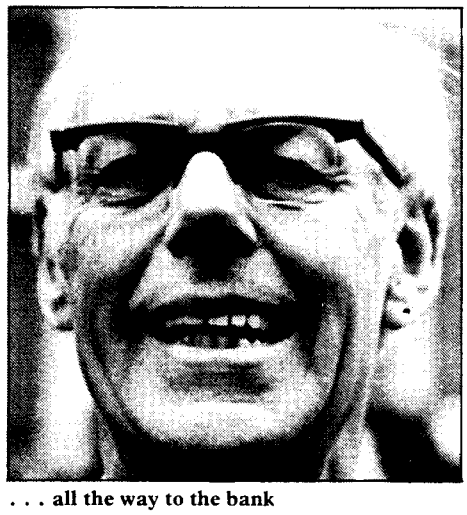
45. Her almost complete lack of humour. Only recorded example of a joke was her suggestion that Cecil Parkinson's favourite charity was the NSPCC. She also perpetrated a cringe-making skit on *Yes, Minister*.

46. Her spectacularly unsuccessful attempt to cut off the Labour Party's cash from the unions, which has merely proved that unionists *want* political funds and has drawn attention to the undemocratic financing of her own party.

47. Her achievement in making GCHQ the most high-profile secret establishment in the world, and in radicalising its formerly apathetic workforce.

48. Her one-dimensional view of life. Asked what she did for relaxation she said: 'Now and again one goes for a walk.'

49. Denis Thatcher, a man for whom the name Bluff Cove might have been specially invented.



Camera Press

. . . all the way to the bank

His continual saloon-bar comments on rugby tours of South Africa are not *quite* in keeping with the spirit of the Gleneagles agreement, which his wife is pledged to uphold.

50. Her failure to abolish the rates, despite promising for the last 11 years that she would.

51. Her success in radicalising the Church of England and ridding it for good of its image as the Tory Party at prayer.

52. Her statement of faith in the NHS ('safe in our hands'), which was promptly undermined by her use of private treatment for her varicose veins and eye trouble.

53. Her inability to do anything about crime. Recorded crime has risen steadily by about 7 per cent each year, with some crimes — such as sexual offences — rising much faster. 'Respect for the rule of law has been undermined. We will restore it' (1979 manifesto).

54. Her failure to refer Rupert Murdoch's purchase of Times Newspapers to the Monopolies Commission, for which Murdoch rewarded her, two years later, by saying: 'She is desperately tired, she's run out of puff, she's gone out of her mind.'

55. Her little white lies. The Tory manifesto 1979 had a major heading: 'Too Many Strikes'. By 1981, when 4.2 million working days were lost, she told *Time*: 'The number of strikes is the lowest for 40 years -- not bad for a Conservative government.' In fact, as recently as 1976 the figure for lost working days had been 3.3 million; with the miners' strike it was up to 27 million last year.

56. Her ridiculous attempt to start a fashion for flak-jackets by wearing one in Armagh in 1979;

Camera Press

Another fashion that never really caught on

the trend was followed only by Michael Heseltine and members of the National Front.

57. Her inability to tolerate critics of herself or her policy. Farewell Sir Ian, Mr Pym, Chief Chorister St John Stevens . . .

58. Her chosen book on Desert Island Discs (R.I.P.), apart from the Bible and Shakespeare: *The Survival Handbook*.

59. Jeffrey Archer, brought in to give a patina of intellectualism to the Stupid Party. She adores him.

And there we are. One flaw for each of her 59 years. But as her 60th birthday is only a week-and-a-bit away, perhaps we should fling in one more for good measure. It is, arguably, her greatest failing of all. In April this year she confessed that 'I do occasionally read the *New Statesman*, but when it says something about me I don't'. Have we laboured in vain? □

Research by Jolyon Jenkins.

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. For the next few weeks, winners will also receive a Pet Hate effigy (see p. 4)

□Whitehall had contacted all councils asking them to keep emergency centre staffs as small as possible because of a nationwide shortage of bunker space. — *Eastern Evening News* (Jean Clissold)

□This post is open to any person who is a graduate of one of The Universities of the British Empire. — Advert for 'Head of Haileybury' in *The Times* (Tim Butler)

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LEAVING LIVERPOOL TO DIE

Rex Features

The city is no longer a thriving industrial centre (above). IAN WILLIAMS on the background to the current financial crisis

SEPTEMBER BROUGHT the start of work on the Northern Tate art gallery in a warehouse in the closed South Docks of Liverpool, thus completing an historical cycle. *The* Tate was named after Henry Tate, of Tate & Lyle — and of Liverpool — who endowed the original London gallery with profits largely made from his Liverpool Sugar Refineries. The firm pulled out of Liverpool three years ago, leaving the dole queue some 6000 bodies longer.

Liverpool's municipal budget crisis with its political pyrotechnics obscures its own underlying cause, the economic collapse of a city and its hinterland. The Tate saga illustrates the various elements. The shift of trade towards the EEC has made Liverpool, although still the country's biggest export port, a less strategic one. European beet sugar knocked out Liverpool's sugar refinery, based on Third World sugar cane. Like Cunard, Woolworth, Meccano, and many others which built their wealth on the banks of the Mersey, Henry Tate's successors upped and went.

Even the first choice for the new Gallery illustrates another problem. It was 'naturally' Manchester, until the riots in Toxteth suggested an alternative. Government had consistently favoured Manchester, 30 miles up the M62 as the regional Centre, which is why, perhaps, Liverpool has around 10,000 fewer civil service jobs than its 'share' based on population. Manchester's diversification from textiles to engineering provided a buffer which Liverpool's overwhelming dependence on the port could not. Integrated door to door freight rates make Southampton as much the port for the West Midlands as Liverpool.

The Gallery project illustrates another facet. Merseyside's new economic projects include the Maritime Museum, the proposed Labour History Museum, the Garden festival, the Beatles Museum, and an increasing stream of tourists. The overall effect is an almost Third World economy, funded by municipal and government money, with tourism providing a boost, all overlying massive structural unemployment and poverty on the Mersey delta.

Well what it takes away with one hand it gives with the other and the EEC has bestowed on Merseyside its classification as the most deprived region in Northern Europe. Only Calabria, Sardinia and Sicily come lower in the table: Tees Street in Birkenhead merits a blue plaque of its own. With not one householder working it is officially the most deprived street in Europe.

Naturally, depopulation is the result. Since its Edwardian peak, Liverpool's population has halved with a shift to the suburbs, but lately Merseyside as a whole has suffered similarly. The emigrants are the younger, economically active adults, chasing the industries leaving the area. Those who remain are increasingly elderly. They have little to spend in local shops, their poverty only partially mitigated by 'expatriate' remittances from their migrant relatives. The rate-paying population shrinks.

Liverpool's 27 per cent unemployment, (90 per cent if you're young in Croxteth) doesn't exactly provide a firm home market, and of those that *are* in jobs, one third of full-time and three quarters of part-time workers earn less than the Council of Europe's threshold for a 'decent' living standard. Even the relatively privileged male workers, who in the '70s earned more than the national average are now down to 96.5 per cent of it.

The shift of big business headquarters away, the take over of local banks and finance houses has removed the element of local autonomy which fuelled the region's rise. Today, profits generated in Merseyside go elsewhere. A staggering 85 per cent of local manufacturing jobs are in firms whose headquarters are elsewhere. During recession especially, decisions about Merseyside are made in a context of Group retrenchments in which 'branch' plants on Merseyside, often opened to take advantage of local investment grants, are pruned to preserve the centre. Exit Dunlops, Courtaulds, BL and many more, with each closure adding their thousands to the human scrap-pile.

JACK STOPFORTH, economic adviser to the County's development office, MERCEDO, points out that the nostrums about investment to create jobs don't always work. The era of highest grants produced huge capital intensive plants with few jobs. He points out local firms like Pilkington's whose investment programme has put it in the competitive fore of glass technology — at a cost of 7,000 jobs. The Merseyside County Council through MERCEDO and the Enterprise Board is attempting to pump in cash to meet the shortfalls.

The County Council is being abolished next May, but it was hamstrung from the start by economic and political gerrymandering. The large industrial complexes at the top of the estuary, the oil refineries and chemical plants of Widnes, Runcorn and Ellesmere Port, were put into Cheshire to subsidise the rates bill of the commuter belt — and to block what would otherwise be an in-built Labour majority in Merseyside.

So what is Liverpool Council doing with its money? National mention of rates and budget campaigns provokes thoughts of women's centres, gay rights campaigns, culture-fests and Southbanks. Oh that Liverpool could or would! With two prestigious theatre companies, the Playhouse and Everyman, and a strong dramatic tradition locally, neither theatre gets a grant from the city. Unlike other places, they don't even get full rates relief. Schools opened this year without paper or pencils. Secretarial courses started this year with no typewriters.

Parsimony, indeed philistinism, is more a characteristic of the Council in Liverpool than is extravagance. The extravagances which the Council has indulged in have been in maintenance of the workforce, and, possibly the most controversial, the massive house-building programme. Whether building 6,000 homes can be considered as extravagant in a city with the worst housing in the country is another matter.

Of course other areas are now hard-hit, but decades have steeped Merseyside generations in a culture of deprivation. Deprivation of horizons and hope, of culture and skills. The Rite of Passage to adulthood is now the first Giro, not the job. Drink and drugs can appear as bright spots in a grey week, a grey day.

This is the context in which Merseyside politics operates. Living with the insupportable breeds support for desperate measures. It heightens feelings so that grand, even suicidal gestures, become a reasonable way to express despair.

But if the government is content to allow Merseyside to regress to a Third World economy it can hardly complain if Merseysiders seem to adopt Third World politics to claim an overdue dividend on their human investment in the industrial build-up of Britain. □

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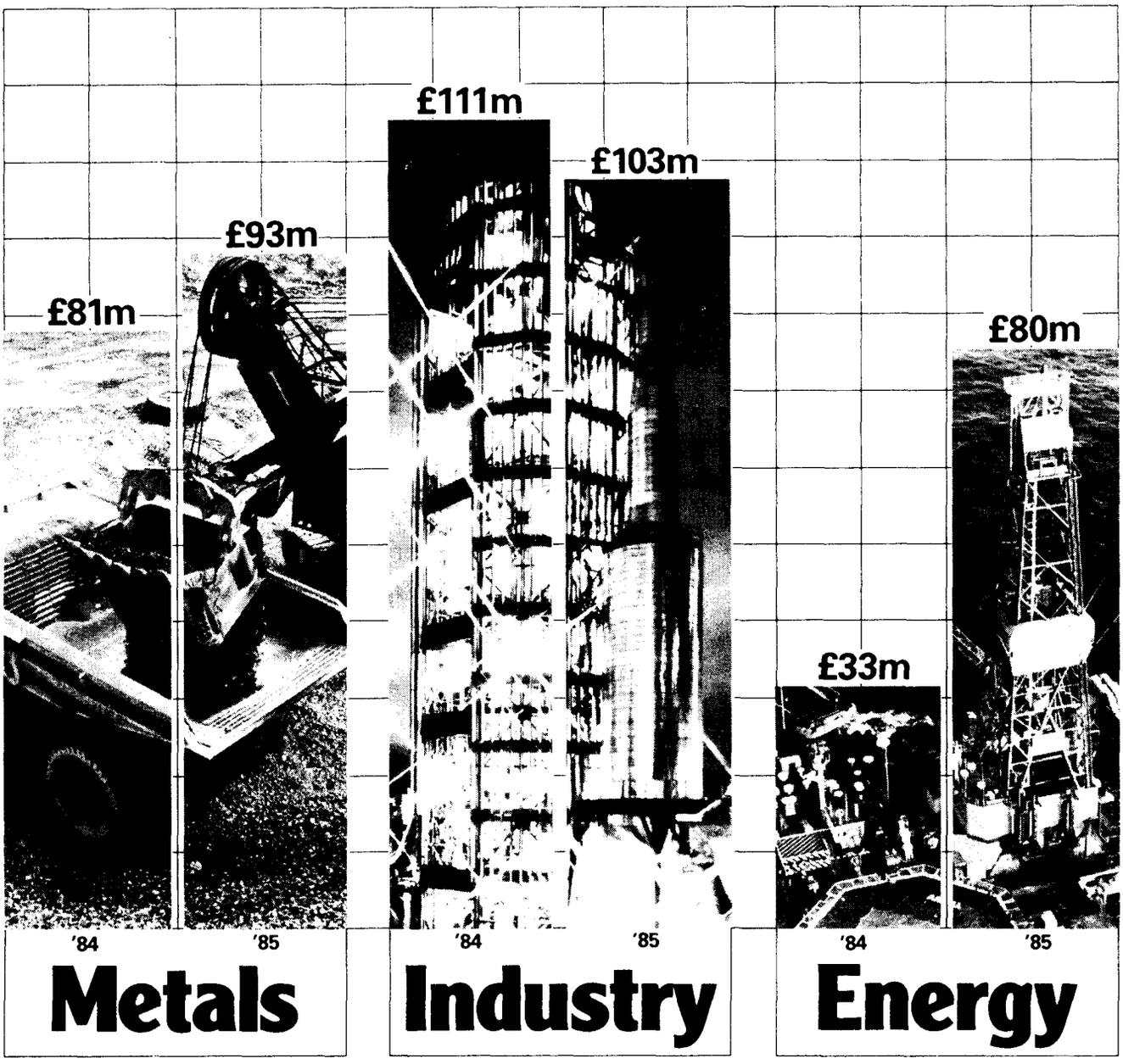

Half year pre-tax results

RTZ's activities cover three broad sectors: energy resources, industrial products and metal mining and processing.

RTZ's assets are spread worldwide with 25 per cent in the UK, 24 per cent in North America, 41 per cent in Australasia, 5 per cent in Central and Southern Africa and 5 per cent elsewhere.

In the first half of 1985 Group turnover, on the proportional equity basis increased by 9 per cent, operating profit by 16 per cent and net profit attributable to RTZ shareholders by 15 per cent.

In US dollar terms most metal prices remain weak, constrained by excess capacity. Earnings for the industrial and energy sectors, which in the first half of 1985 together accounted for 70 per cent of the contribution to net earnings, should show some improvement overall in the second half.

Summary (£ millions)	**First half 1985**	First half 1984	Year 1984
Turnover	**1,938.0**	1,778.0	3,900.0
Profit before tax	**224.0**	193.0	424.0
Net profit attributable to RTZ shareholders	**114.7**	100.1	210.7
Earnings per ordinary share	**37.03p**	32.33p	68.03p
Dividend per 25p ordinary share	**7.00p**	6.50p	20.00p

Notes: The results shown for the year 1984 have been extracted from the full accounts prepared on an historical cost basis which received an unqualified auditors' report and have been filed with the Registrar of Companies.

The proportional equity basis of consolidation shows the attributable interests of RTZ shareholders in each of the items included.

RTZ The Rio Tinto-Zinc Corporation PLC
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Camera Press

BOYS WITH A HEAD START IN LIFE

For fifty years the Labour party has wanted to abolish public schools. BARRY HUGILL on how to do it

BACK IN 1972, a friend of mine applied for a job at the TUC. He was in his early twenties, a competent local newspaper journalist but with only a couple of years experience at most. He was committed to the trade union movement and was an active member of the International Socialists (now the SWP). Then, as now, Trots were not employed at Congress House and he reckoned his chances of getting the job were minimal but he had nothing to lose, so off went the application form.

Come the day of the interview and he felt things were going pretty badly. He had tried to steer clear of contentious issues like the role of the TUC in selling out the working class and his total lack of relevant work experience. As a result he had little to say. But all was not lost. Vic Feather, silent up to that point, glanced at his application form and observed his public school/Cambridge credentials. 'That changed everything', explained my friend. The job was his.

And it's not just the TUC. The Oxbridge/public school syndrome not only guarantees preferential treatment in the Civil Service, judiciary et al, it's practically compulsory if you have ambitions to be taken on by the BBC, and even helps if you want to work for the *New Statesman.*

The facts are well known. Public schools cater for a small, affluent minority, the majority of whom, via Oxbridge and a handful of other elite universities, take a disproportionate share of the 'top jobs' in the country. The public school curriculum and values distort the State schooling sector and make the task of creating a genuinely egalitarian educational system impossible.

But facts are one thing. Doing something about it is another. The Labour Party is committed to phasing out fee paying schools over a ten year period and Kinnock has reaffirmed his commitment to that policy. There has been similar talk for over 50 years but nothing has ever happened.

THE REASONS FOR the inaction are not too difficult to fathom. Top of the list is the danger of fighting an election on the abolition ticket. Remember the hammering Barbara Castle took when she tried to phase out pay beds in NHS hospitals? Well, that would be child's play compared to the propaganda campaign that would be waged in defence of the parental right to choose.

One alternative is the softly, softly approach. You ban, not the schools, but fee paying, leaving public schools to be incorporated into the state system or search for alternative funding. But entry to them would not be based on parental wealth. This has two strategic advantages. First you stress that the intention is not to deprive parents of choice, only of the right to purchase privilege. Secondly it might just get round the enormous problem of the European Convention on Human Rights of which Britain is a signatory.

Article 2 of the First Protocol of the Convention says that 'the State shall respect the right of all parents to ensure such education and training in conformity with their own religious and philosophical convictions' . Peter Archer QC, MP has advised the Party that abolition of fee paying would be within the terms of the Convention. But several other barristers, not all of them pro-public schools, are less sure.

The danger with this approach is that it would knock out the private schools which have little to offer but snob appeal and which are totally dependent on fee paying, but not the giants, whose prestige valorizes the worthless private schools and who through endowments, donations from old pupils and business, would still flourish.

A more likely first step by a Labour government would be to end the charitable status of the schools, charge VAT on school fees and end all tax relief on such fees. This would make it exceedingly expensive to opt out of the State system. It remains by far the most attractive proposal and is currently official Labour policy. But influential voices warn that it is just not on.

One such voice belongs to Chris Price, former Labour MP and Chair of the House of Commons Select Committee on Education. He reckons that the legislation involved would be too tricky and could involve a legal redefinition of education that could have disastrous results for many charities. At his most pessimistic he suggests that it might involve ending the charitable status of the Roman Catholic church which would probably entail the loss of a vote or two.

The simple response to Price is that with political will and the right advice it could be done. But by whom? One does not need much imagination to visualise the horror of the mandarins who run Britain at the prospect of hitting their old schools which are, no doubt, now their children's schools, and the cunning obstacles that they would put in the way.

IT IS PERFECTLY conceivable that a Kinnock government will want to take on the mandarins. But with no proposals so far on how to reform the machinery of State, it is equally likely it would abandon the fight. Chris Price thinks so and has come up with his own strategy. He wants to do to students from public schools what the Conservatives have done to students from overseas — charge them full fees at University and refuse any grant. This pinpoints university entry as the key to the problem. People fork out school fees for a number of reasons — status, snobbery, dislike of the State system — but above all they know that it increases the chance of university, especially Oxbridge, entrance enormously. And Oxbridge is the key to joining the nation's elite. Price's colleagues on the Labour Party education committee rejected his idea as morally dubious (visiting the sins of the father on the hapless child). But he remains adamant that it's the only solution.

A more radical approach would be if a Labour government introduced into the Civil Service positive discrimination in favour of those

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educated in comprehensives, and ensured that the multitude of jobs in its gift were distributed likewise. It could even challenge the peculiar notion that any job involving the use of the brain necessitates possession of a degree and might even contemplate ending the bizarre system that insists in differentiating between universities, polytechnics, colleges of education and so on even when they offer the same courses. It just might live up to its promise to end the academic/vocational, university/technical college divide that poisons British education.

As for trade unions maybe they could encourage their own grass roots members to apply for jobs in their research and publicity departments. Perhaps our radical local authorities could devise a radically different way of recruiting their senior management staff? And who knows what would happen to the *New Statesman* with a few non-graduates editing it? □

CONSTITUTION

THE RIGHTS OF THE ROYALS

Just how much power does the Monarchy have — and how does it intend to use it? PHILLIP HALL reports

AMIDST THE recent Alliance declarations on the various powers the Queen possesses in the event of a hung Parliament, one question was left unasked. In whose interests would these constitutional powers be used?

One guide to royal thoughts on politics is the advisers the royals employ. The latest is that of the Queen's private secretary — the premier position at Buckingham Palace. From next April it will be the current Deputy, Sir William Heseltine. He will act as the Queen's political eyes and ears, the person who maintains formal contact with the Prime Minister's office for the Queen. He has good Conservative credentials. In the early 60's he interrupted his royal duties to return to Australia. For about two years (1962-64), he was assistant Federal Director of the Liberal Party of Australia, the equivalent of the Conservatives in this country.

Last month the Prince of Wales also got a new private secretary — City banker Sir John Riddell, 13th baronet. Sir John stood unsuccessfully as a Conservative parliamentary candidate in both 1974 elections, a detail of his past which all the newspapers had the good manners to omit.

Sir John Riddell (Eton and Oxford) succeeds Edward Adeane (Eton and Cambridge) as Charles's main adviser. During his October 1974 election campaign, he said, naturally, that he hoped for a Conservative majority but, enthusiastically echoing Mr Heath's line, thought that after a Conservative victory, 'a Ministry of All The Talents would be assembled, regardless of party and regardless of personality'. On another occasion he claimed that 'we do not think that the lessons of the Thirties were that coalition is a failure, but that the policies of the government in the Thirties were a total failure.'

He would say that, wouldn't he? The 'National Government' of the 1930s was a coalition largely created by royal intervention in 1931.

SO WHAT THEN are the powers of the Queen nowadays in deciding who shall govern the country? The answer is said to lie in precedent and expert interpretation thereof. But interpreting precedent is about as reliable as interpreting tea-leaves. Which precedents? When? And what did they mean anyway? Given the secrecy about the political workings of the monarchy we will not know the story of any of the precedents since this Queen was crowned until after she dies. For instance, we had a hung parliament in 1974 when Heath tried to forge a coalition with the Liberals. What dealings, if any, were there then between the parties and Palace? The Speaker at the time ruled there could not be a debate on the powers of the Queen because the government was not responsible for the monarch's behaviour.

Most Conservative commentators wilfully ignore this reality of confusion and disagreement. They grant potential powers to the monarchy far beyond that of refusing to give a Prime Minister a dissolution and argue that the monarch is the 'guardian of the Constitution'. In an 'emergency' she would have vast political power to dismiss and appoint governments and veto legislation. This might involve acting 'unconstitutionally' in order to 'save the Constitution'. Half a dozen editorials over the years in *The Times*, ex-Conservative prime minsters in their memoirs, Lord Blake (Tory historian and 'expert' on the Constitution), Sir Ian Gilmour, Peregrine Worsthorne, all aggrandise regal powers.

Twentieth century monarchs have never been ones to abdicate political powers they could lay claim to. Harold Macmillan, in his memoirs, noted that the Queen 'feels the great importance of maintaining the prerogative intact,' while for his part he 'was determined at all costs to preserve the prerogative, which had been so useful in the past and which might be so valuable in the future.' Macmillan is not specific about when the royal powers may be valuable. The idea is to keep as many options open as possible.

Thus, for those who attribute enormous residual powers to the monarch, it would be quite in keeping with preserving a nebulous constitution for the Queen, in extremis, to remove a Labour government. The royal powers that many of us regard as merely nominal — the Queen is the head of the armed forces, the civil service is 'hers' — are seen by Conservative commentators as latent powers which the monarch has the right to use.

What in fact has always constrained the monarchy so far is not unwritten 'precedent' but a recognition that if it overstepped the mark, it would not survive. It is its own survival which is its fundamental consideration and, like all conservatives, royalty finds overt political conflict threatening. Hence the liking for advisers who have a leaning to national governments 'of All the Talents'.

When Dr Owen outlined his views at the SDP conference on how a government would emerge from a hung parliament, he reminded us that the royal prerogative remains in place as one of the options of that class which remains determined to protect its privileges. For all its radical sounding commitment to constitutional change — proportional representation, devolution — the Alliance has reaffirmed the powers of an institution based on unrepresentative hereditary privilege and secrecy. □

Phillip Hall is writing Right Royals, *a book on the powers and politics of the monarchy.*

SCOTS NATIONALISTS

SPLITTING ON THE SIDELINES

The SNP can't make up its mind about what sort of party it wants to be reports ROB EDWARDS

DURING HIS major speech to the Scottish National Party annual conference in Paisley last weekend, Donald Stewart MP got a little nostalgic. 'I remember a time', he said, 'when people didn't go around taking blood samples to see if it was red or blue. And the party was a lot better in those days when it didn't matter tuppence what colour you were.'

That the party's president still believes it best to keep the politics out of nationalism is a symptom of the SNP's continuing malaise. In spite of a steady and sustained shift to the left over recent years, it still operates in something of an ideological vacuum. It lacks, in the words of the newly-launched *Nationalist Left Review*, 'a developed theoretical base'. After 50 years, it still does not look like a politically mature party.

How else can some of the contradictions thrown up by last week's conference be explained? The Left won a demand to campaign for full employment in Scotland, but lost the call for councils not to co-operate with the Scottish Office in defence of local government. Left winger Jim Mitchell was deposed as local government vice chairperson after a bitter battle with moderate Andrew Welsh, but the Left strengthened its overall hold on the national executive by replacing three right-wingers (Gordon Murray, Jim Halliday and Helen Davidson) with three left-wingers (Dan Hood, Rob Gibson and Andrew Currie).

How else can the obliquely coded arguments over political strategy be understood? To observers the series of fierce and closely-fought clashes over whether to condemn just 'the English Tory government' or all 'successive British governments' might have looked somewhat academic. Yet, when decoded, such

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disagreements touch on the SNP's most sensitive strategic nerve: whether it should be appealing primarily to Labour voters in the industrial central belt or to Alliance and even Conservative voters in the south and north. The Left, strongly arguing the former, narrowly won all the votes.

Bizarrely, the 800 delegates gave standing ovations both to explicitly socialist speeches by Plaid Cymru president Dafydd Elis Thomas MP and national executive member Jim Sillars, and to explicitly anti-socialist speeches by Jim Stewart and party chairperson Gordon Wilson MP. This enabled both sides to end up claiming victory. According to the Left, the SNP is now virtually a socialist party: according to everyone to their right, it is nothing of the sort.

THERE IS NO doubting that many of the SNP's agreed policies on social, economic and nuclear issues are now more radical than those of the Labour Party. The problem is that the leadership — at least the nominal leadership — does not believe in these policies.

That is why there is growing dissatisfaction amongst activists about the performances of Donald Stewart and Gordon Wilson. Stewart, who is resigning as an MP at the next election and hardly ever attends executive meetings, is seen as a spent force. Wilson is regarded as a prisoner of the executive and castigated for his negativity ('he's the only man in British politics who can shake his head while saying something positive'). Both are beginning to look like yesterday's men.

Hence the Left's call in a pre-conference pamphlet for an improved campaigning image. And hence the organised ascendancy of Jim Sillars, who for the first time topped the poll in the votes for places on the executive (322 votes compared to 305 for his nearest rival, Jim Fairlie). Rhetorically, politically and personally, he outshone all the other leading party figures at the conference. He had the distinctive look of a leader-in-waiting.

Sillars, formerly leader of the breakaway Scottish Labour Party (now defunct) and before that a Labour MP, in fact came under considerable pressure from left-wing activists to stand against Gordon Wilson this year. But he resisted the temptation in the belief that such a contest would have severely damaged and split the party. Instead he and the other left-wing luminaries — Kenny MacAskill, Alex Salmond and Jim Mitchell — have opted for *de facto* leadership, a product of well organised caucusing and hard work. They make sure they usually take the initiative at executive meetings and they are all already, or will soon be, selected as prospective Parliamentary candidates. Sillars himself has won widespread support in recent months for his high-profile advocacy of the fight against selling off the Trustee Savings Bank in Scotland.

The Left's immediate priority is to improve the party's socialist image by campaigning aggressively on key industrial and political issues with the aim of attracting more young left-wingers into the party. According to Kenny MacAskill, the SNP will now be extending a hand of friendship to disillusioned Labour activists inviting them 'to come and join us in the struggle for a socialist Scotland'. He and two other nationalists have even urged the party to adopt 'a policy of non-violent direct actions in defence of Scottish jobs and industry' — an option much canvassed should the threat to close the Gartcosh steel mill in Strathclyde become a reality.

At the moment most left strategists believe that any leadership challenge before the next general election would be counter-productive. Nevertheless it is likely that the lobby for Sillars to put himself forward as leader will increase. When — but probably not whether — he will decide to do so remains to be seen. Until he does, the party is likely to remain on the sidelines of Scottish politics. □

REPRESENTATION

EVEN MPs NEED PRIVATE LIVES

Camera Press

HARRIET HARMAN (above) on the need for a new political stereotype

THE 'GOOD' LABOUR MP works 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 52 weeks a year. He travels the length and breadth of the country, making stirring speeches to serried ranks of (mostly male), activists. He never turns down an invitation to a meeting unless, as he explains, he already has two other meetings that night.

The 'good' Labour councillor does a full-time job during the day and is at council meetings or sub-committees, community groups, party or trade union meetings every night of the week. His wife answers the 'phone to his constituents who ring up in the evening.

The 'good' trade union official is at branch meetings or trades council meetings every night of the week. And when he is not at meetings he is on the 'phone to his members. He explains to his members, in order to impress them, that he has not had a holiday for five years.

It is time we changed our stereotype of a good socialist representative.

IF YOU ARE at the disposal of the labour movement 100 per cent of the time, you are at the disposal of your family and friends none of the time. Who will bring up your children? Who will look after them when they are ill? When will you find time to see your friends?

The stereotype of a good socialist representative is wrong for many reasons.

- It sets a pace which excludes women. Many women are convinced that they cannot represent the movement because they do not have the privilege of a spouse servicing them and their family. Why should total sacrifice of your family and friends be regarded as a positive attribute for a socialist representative?
- The labour movement is sustained by an army of 'class struggle widows'. All too often men are able to be active in the labour movement at the expense of their wives. He is able to go out and make a stirring speech about equality because she is at home looking after the children. A good socialist is someone who understands sharing and collective responsiblity — even sharing responsibility for the home and children.
- Our stereotype promotes a breed of representative with tunnel vision. A good socialist should have a perspective which is broader than just the world of work. The movement would be much better represented by people whose minds are focussed on shopping and the school holidays — as well as pit closures and overseas investment. Understanding the pressures and pleasures of sharing the family and running the home would put many of our representatives more in touch with those on whose behalf they are supposed to speak.
- The stereotype oppresses men as well as women, who want to share the care of their family and who are unhappy and miss out because they feel they cannot without risking allegations that they are not good socialists.

WE MUST GET away from the belief that you must prove your socialism through the number of hours worked. It is wrong to equate socialism with absenteeism from the home.

It is a great privilege to represent the labour movement in Parliament, on a local council or as a trade union official, and as the hardship caused by Thatcherism and recession increases, the pressure on our representatives will grow. But people cannot be properly defended against Tory attacks by a cadre of burnt out workaholics who either never see their family or don't have one. We should be encouraging the sort of socialist who hates exploitation in the home as well as exploitation in the workplace. The sort of socialist who recognises that political responsibility should be shared collectively.

THIS IS NOT a charter for representatives who are lazy or not interested in public life. It's a call for better representation; representation of *all* areas of life.

With a different sort of representation we might see the demand for provision for children, those under five, those of school age but outside school hours, moved sharply up the parliamentary agenda.

A shorter working day would become a key demand for the trade union movement.

Councils would wonder why they built so many flats with tiny kitchens on estates with no space to play.

In all the organisations that speak for us, we need representatives who can speak for all the things that matter to us. □

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MEDIA

It's not what you see, it's how often you see it

JOHN ELLIS

THERE'S A LOT of censorship about in television at the moment, or so it seems. It's always happened of course, but the novelty of recent censorship affairs has been the extent to which they have become public. We now hear (through the *Guardian* if nowhere else) about *impending* interventions by the IBA as well as of their results.

This healthy trend has several causes. Video transfer of almost all TV material has enabled copies to be distributed to journalists: a few years ago, the *Real Lives* affair would have foundered on the complete impossibility of anyone having access to the programme in question.

A second reason is the coming of age of Channel 4. There seems to be an increased level of attention to Channel 4's output from the IBA, perhaps because the new channel has now established itself with a sizeable audience.

And independent suppliers to Channel 4 are more able to create a press furore by virtue of being independent rather than salaried employees. There is, however, a problem here, as I discovered with the recent long drawn out censorship of the *Visions* programme on Brazilian cinema.

Channel 4 actively encourages independent producers to publicise 'their' cause, but the necessary publicity back-up from Channel 4 itself is not forthcoming. No press release was produced by Channel 4 on either occasion that the *Visions* programme was withdrawn from the schedules. It seems that the Channel as an institution is abandoning individual issues of censorship to its independent suppliers, reserving its own position for the confrontation with the IBA that many see as inevitable.

There are two flaws with this strategy. First, even the best equipped independent does not have the press contacts and information systems that Channel 4 has, and journalists do get the impression, from the Channel's official silence, that perhaps the producers are spinning a yarn. So the coverage that independents do manage to get is less than it could be.

And, as a result, the second drawback of the Channel's strategy — its ability to fight the IBA — is intensified. The IBA is gaining ground, producing an ever-narrowing definition of what is possible on Channel 4. They want to subject it to the same rules as are applied to ITV, despite the different audiences of the two channels. So as the IBA is winning the war of attrition, when the day dawns that Channel 4 does decide to stand and fight, it will find it has less room to manoeuvre than it might imagine.

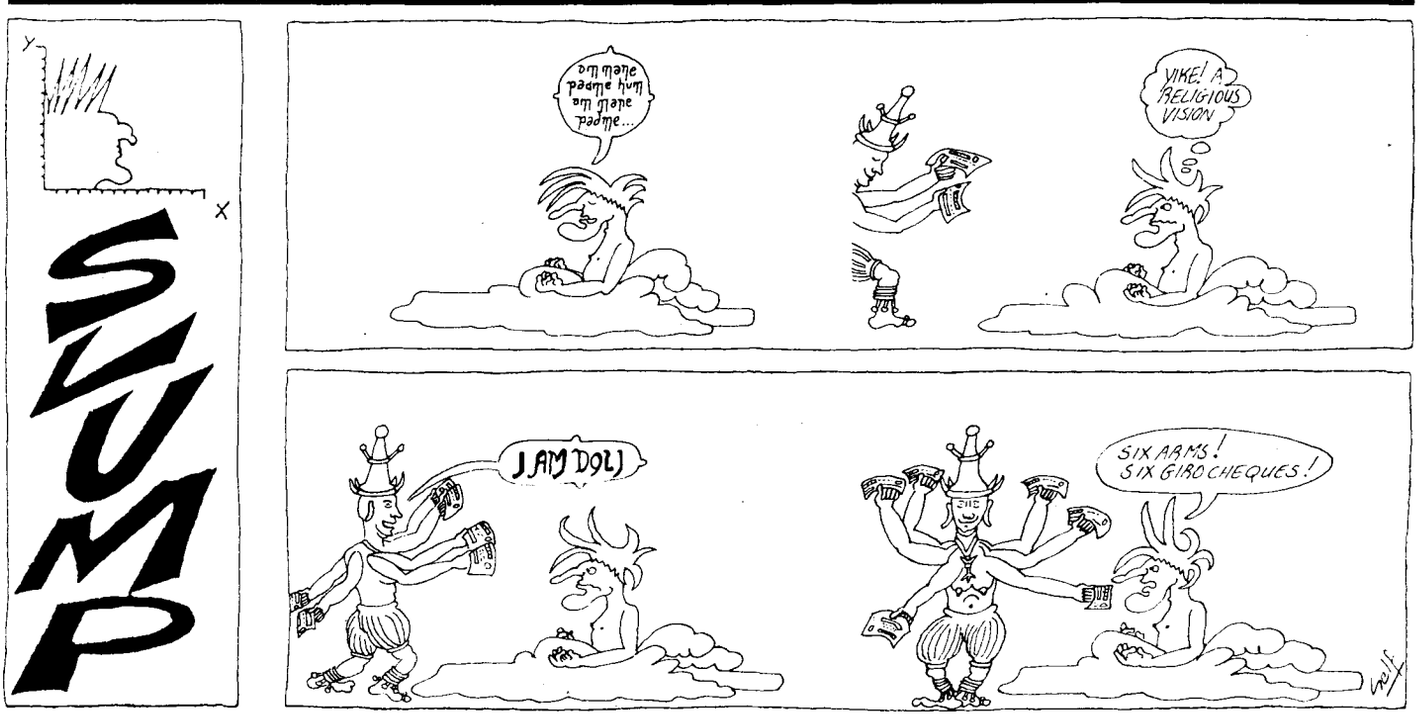
THERE IS A wider battle of censorship that should be fought now, and Channel 4 and its independent suppliers are in the best position to fight it. The IBA conceives its role as censor entirely in terms of vetting individual programmes, and, where it deems necessary, banning or altering some of them. This is not its job. As a *regulatory* body, the IBA should be putting its primary emphasis on overseeing the whole of television output, rather than interfering with this or that detail.

Research published in the last couple of weeks on how people watch TV has proved what many of us have been saying for ages: that a particular instance of TV representation does not count for much to the majority of viewers. They are engaged upon the routine conduct of their lives, and it is rare for any member of a household to pay much attention to the TV. Though this proves that single broadcasts do not have much effect, it does not prove anything about TV as a phenomenon.

FOR TV *does* have effects, and it has effects by repetition. An individual broadcast does not 'incite' anyone to do anything; but the frequent repetition of similar scenes (car chases, fights, shootings, jokes against women) or similar definitions (rioters, moderates, housewife, typical family) most certainly does.

Censorship of television, if we are to have it, should occupy itself with this repetition: with the normal, everyday and dominating aspects of TV, rather than with the exceptional and singular. For television's effects lie in its ever-present nature, and the repetition of scenes and definitions that this provides.

Censorship of the unacceptable aspects of TV's 'everyday' would necessarily have to be a public process. At its basis would be a continuing public debate about those aspects of TV repetition which many viewers object to. This debate could swing in a number of different directions, but at its basis is a democratic rather than secretive notion of censorship. For in this framework, the IBA would be a truly regulatory body; and individuals would be permitted a much wider perspective of expression on TV as a result. □



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DIARY

Austin Mitchell

Reselection is on in Grimsby. Not during the Parliamentary session — that would bring *congé* from the fun factory. We in my constituency do it all through the summer holidays. Fortunately there is a destiny that shapes our ends: one branch thought it should look at the alternatives. Two months ago it wrote to Walworth Road for the B list of candidates. Still no reply. The Party Chairman gives me some confidence-boosting counsel for Conference: 'You always speak over people's heads. Last election you talked to a group of ladies for 20 minutes about the IMF. When you called for questions the first wanted to know what could be done about the man who pees against her house-end every Saturday night.'

○

Lenin went through Germany in a sealed train. Labour has its holidays in Bournemouth in a sealed conference. The police are trying out massive security as practice for next year's Tory Conference. Which means we have the long march through the car park plus search, spray and security. Caught in my usual Conference Catch 22: can't get in without credentials, can't collect them without getting in. I surge in with the tide, eventually reaching the enquiry counter. 'How on earth did you get in?' Apparently I'd broken security unnecessarily. In Bournemouth we have a window outside just for idiots like me.

○

Pre-Conference Anti-Common Market Rally. Labour is walking backwards into Europe — or trying to withdraw without anyone noticing. Eric Deakins suggests there is a dirty deal. Kinnock is accepting Hattersley's Euro enthusiasm in return for Hattersley learning not to love the bomb. EEC withdrawal wasn't unpopular last time, if only because we never argued it. Unilateralism was. The most popular policy would be to stand on a platform of 'The Workers' Bomb' ('their class has it — ours should too'). Perhaps the Transport and General Workers could be responsible for its delivery. If they could agree on a destination. Combine this with withdrawal and we have a popular platform. After all if a Labour government is dependent on an Alliance whose original *raison de traitre* was Euro enthusiasm, we can hit them with a mandate instead of allowing them to veto every strategy for economic recovery as uncommunicataire and anti boy scout.

○

Conference has an odd feel. The Left is fragmented and leaderless. Only the gut issue of Arthur's refund reunites trade unions (who feel guilty that they never helped him and want us to pay the price) and the beached whales of the old Benn-Heffer-Skinner-Maynard Left. Suddenly the whales can flap their tails, spout water out of their heads and even swim again. But aside from this issue it is dead and the lefties a babble of voices or a cloud of waffle. This change in the party is why Neil's leadership speech was such a triumph. He dedicated members to what they were beginning to want to do. What should have been said two years ago was said at last and those for whom it struck a vibrant chord looked round and suddenly realised they were the great majority. The pantomime was over. A man who has edged the party in the right direction had matured to leadership and was giving it. Conference was doing its job of creating a new mood which even Wednesday morning's messy archaeological dig could not dissipate.

○

If we ever get the new foundation conference Tony Benn wants Labour must never ever give itself another structure in which the non-Parliamentary Party forms a built-in opposition instead of a machine for victory. Conference and the NEC are an alternative career ladder. Those who can't make it to the top in Parliament climb it by attacking the leadership and its compromisers and praising Conference and all its works. This provides a fulfilling career for some in attacking sense and sound

politics. Meanwhile anyone who makes it right to the top has to kick away the ladder, flap down conference and tell the rank and file what the real world is about. Leaders have to live on a diet of their own words.

○

On the week's big fight Neil would have done better to tell Conference the facts of life and leave it at that. 'Pass resolutions till you're red in the face, I won't implement them.' To go further and take on Arthur, worse still to lose, simply highlights the issue, stimulates the media build-up and allows the beached whales a full head of spray. And all over something that's irrelevant. The miners should have defended themselves against the clever cases brought against them; by not doing so they lumbered straight into a well prepared trap. Now they want us to pay the price of their own folly. At the time I asked Lord Hailsham to bring in our old friend the Official Solicitor, who should defend those who can't defend themselves and those too daft to do so. Hailsham doesn't accept much of my advice. Yet had he done so he would not now be lumbered with a whole series of messy legal precedents created by judges rushing in where angels wouldn't tread. And Labour wouldn't be lumbered with the consequences

○

Up to London during Conference to meet Geoffrey Palmer, Labour's Deputy Prime Minister in New Zealand. Labour there is ten points ahead in the polls thanks to the combined efforts of Reagan and Mitterrand. The opposition leader plumbs new depths in the polls and has been described by his predecessor as 'the leader you have when you don't feel like a leader'. Has Geoffrey a message for his brothers and sisters at Bournemouth? 'Tell them that power is absolutely marvellous.' Is it any use taking the message back? Some don't want to know. Yet at this conference I'm beginning to feel that most do. For the first time we're waking up to the fact that in only 32 months we shall be in power. There's a lot of thinking to do and a good deal of it is actually going on at this conference and in the 150 fringe meetings. The punditiarri of TV and the chatterazzi of the populars haven't noticed the change because they don't actually attend Conference. They merely pass through to be seen, to meet each other, and tell each other how awful it all is and wasn't the SDP interesting this year.

ROGER WODDIS

The spark and the fire

'When they burst into violence, we wring our hands. When they sleep, we walk on tiptoes.' — the Guardian *on Brixton*

What matters is to be blind
As bats or drunks or alleys are,
And deaf as an unanswered telephone;
That way we can wash or wring our hands.
Look, we have enough problems of our own.

Everyone of course understands
There are some living close to the bone,
Having a hard time and all that,
But dammit, I mean that's no excuse
For looting an innocent shop
Or setting fire to a harmless car.

'A policeman said, "Fuck your press card"
And batoned me over the ear.'
A thug is a thug is a thug,
Out of work or in riot gear.

The fire this time was small.
Don't talk about the next, that's absurd.
We're in control, or haven't you Hurd?
The important thing is not to learn,
And wonder why the hell they burn.

This above all
(Shout it until you're hoarse):
If the tinder's dry,
What follows is a matter of course.

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AP

Nancy Reagan tours the scenes of devastation with the US ambassador to Mexico and Mrs Miguel de la Madrid. Mexico's rulers have been quick to capitalise on the tragedy

CRISIS GRANTS RULERS NEW LIFE

The Mexican government has cashed in on ordinary people's extraordinary response to the earthquake to bring itself glory. Now it is hoping the disaster will provide a distraction from stringent economic measures. EMILIANO MAGON reports

THE ASTOUNDING SCENES of heroism that television has shown of the rescue work in Mexico City since last Thursday's unprecedented earthquake are an example of what people can achieve against tremendous odds — including the inertia of their own government.

As soon as the shock waves stopped, thousands of people, particularly from the poorest sections of the city, rushed to the affected areas to begin the rescue operations. By mid-day there were over 100,000 people at work to the amazement and, indeed, consternation of the government whose army and police, at best, maintained a hostile silence and, at worst, stripped and looted the dead and beat some of the rescuers.

The people of the city responded to personal pleas sent out over the television and radio: 'Sr Olmedo is trapped in his house. Please bring ladders and rope'. Within several minutes dozens would converge on the house or the building, the school or the hospital sending out a distress call. If machines were not available they worked with picks and shovels; if there were no picks and shovels, they worked with their hands. Ancient cars were converted into ambulances. Stallholders rushed food to rescue workers. Dumbfounded, the government found itself outflanked by an immense and spontaneous movement of human solidarity which it could neither understand nor control.

The solidarity, however, was far from the 'miracle' described by the media. In a society where a 'Me-First' approach dominates the middle class, it was an expression of a long-established tradition of 'creative co-operation' which characterises the urban poor and which has allowed them to survive.

Some 55 per cent of the city's 18 millions are by origin landless peasants forced into migration. Without resources they had no choice but to settle spontaneously on any open spaces they could find. Fighting against constant police and government harassment, families learned to act collectively and to cater for their own needs. In San Miguel Teotongo, for example, a shanty town, the 2,000 families have built their own schools and set up their own health services. The roots of the spectacular and spontaneous rescue operations are to be found in the survival strategies adopted and practised by the poor.

THE DOMINANT PARTY, with the Orwellian name of the Institutionalised Revolutionary Party (Partido Revolucionario Institucional) has ruled Mexico for the last 60 years. It was organised by Plutarco Elias Calles in 1929 to forge a compromise between the army, the middle class and those elements of the old oligarchy willing to make concessions. As an institution based upon Mafia-style bargaining, the PRI worked like a true corporativist political organisation recruiting from the 'active' sectors of the population and devising a practice of co-option based upon co-operation between the elites: the controlled trade unions, the industrialists, small landowners, the official peasant organisations and the immense bureaucracy such a system requires.

In its earlier years the party attempted to appear progressive and stifle more revolutionary movements by calling itself socialist. However, after 1946 with the rise to power of a generation of aspiring industrialists represented by the then president Miguel Aleman, the new ideology of 'developmentalism' masked a rapid process of industrialisation based upon an increased exploitation of the countryside, the involvement of American and some multinational corporations and rampant corruption, which has been the hallmark of the PRI ever since.

Aleman and his family bought up most of what is now the resort of Acapulco, put government money into its development and encouraged American investment. 'Mr Mexico', as he soon became known in the States, accumulated unprecedented wealth, buying or founding the largest newspaper and television organisations. His cronies likewise enriched themselves, creating the new entrepreneurial class — now safely resident in earthquake-safe zones of the city with their bank accounts nicely hidden in Miami or Zürich.

Mexico's indebtedness is largely due to the constant assault upon the country's people and resources brought about through PRI corruption. All levels and practices are involved: building inspectors, the police, teachers, the bureaucracy and even the presidency itself. Reporters are even paid by the PRI to accompany the president on his tours. During one recent de la Madrid speech against corruption, reporters were given envelopes containing the equivalent of £40.

BEFORE THE earthquake the CIA warned de la Madrid that the country was clearly heading towards a major social upheaval; harbingers were riots in many northern cities and a distinct feeling in the PRI upper echelons that Mexico City was about to ignite. The PRI believes that

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it may have been saved by the earthquake. One very high-ranking party official confided: 'Thank God for the earthquake ... it will take people's minds off the economic crisis long enough for us to undertake measures they would not have otherwise accepted.'

Similarly, the earthquake has allowed the PRI to put into effect another of its well-established practices: incorporating and appropriating the initiatives of others and calling them its own. The ad hoc rescue operations mounted by the Mexican people were turned into party-led triumphs. The main rescue sites were quickly decorated with PRI banners and PRI commissars replaced team leaders often disrupting their well-run operations.

Soon to be awash with foreign funds, the government will, it seems, undertake a cosmetic programme of reconstruction. For a long time it has been thinking of rebuilding a significant part of the city, to be called the *Zona Dorada* (Golden Zone). The problem was how to get rid of the working-class population. The earthquake has done the government's work for it. The speculators can now move in with their national convention centre as well as some grandiose government buildings and perhaps a new headquarters for the party.

The poor? After stays in hostels they will no doubt drift into the shanty towns ringing the city and be allowed to stay until the land is 'required'. The schools? The government has said the children can cram into the few which survive and no doubt other versions of the flimsy and illegal buildings which fell down will appear, with the profits flowing into the pockets of the speculators and the usual percentage going to party coffers.

For 60 years the PRI has successfully fed the Mexican people the myth that without the party and left to their own devices nothing but anarchy would prevail. However, response to the earthquake disaster has demonstrated that this is not true. The PRI's ideology obscured the fact that the Mexican people themselves, through their own forms of solidarity, their own efforts, doggedness, and imagination have made the survival of the city possible both in times of disaster and normality. Such an experience may allow the poor to take the next step — the reconstruction of their own political future. □

THE
WEEKLY MAIL

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CHINA

COOKED-UP FIGURES FEED NO WORKERS

JONATHAN MIRSKY on Deng Xiaoping's tarnished image

THERE IS A Chinese aphorism for every occasion and last week, at what should have been his finest hour, there was one for Deng Xiaoping: 'The facts teach a harsh lesson.'

At the special Party conference in Peking last week Deng's policies and governing style came under unprecedented public attack. Chen Yun, one of the five men on the standing committee of the Politburo blasted Dengism *en clair*; when Chen speaks like this, China listens. At 80 he is one year younger than Deng but he has been on the Politburo 15 years longer, since 1940.

At the closing session of the conference Chen spoiled Deng's triumph by hammering Dengism before 900-odd Party members. A day or two later, at the meeting of the Party Discipline Comission, of which he is First Secretary, he did it again, if anything more brutally. Chen's message is simple: China's basic economy, its agriculture, is being mismanged; food shortages may result in 'social disorder.' And the political culture now stresses avarice, which results in corruption and crime.

'It is possible,' Chen warned, 'that our entire cause will deviate from Marxism and the socialist road.' Finally, in a direct assault on Deng himself, Chen said that to avoid further mistakes 'all decisions on important issues must be made by the collective . . . No individual should try to have the final say.'

FEW IN CHINA would care to attack Deng. In late August the official press published a song in honour of his 81st birthday.

The smiles which have been lost today grace the eyebrows,
The bound feet now prance over the golden bridge.
The singing which has been swallowed bursts from the breast,
Hello Xiaoping, hello Xiaoping.

In the Chinese press, Deng's name has been elevated to that of Marx, as he proudly proclaims a thriving economy. Indeed, the volume of foreign trade in 1984 rose to 50 billion dollars (a 23 per cent increase over 1983). Rural per capita incomes may have doubled since 1979, and production overall has risen by nearly eight per cent annually.

But additional facts about the last year tell a harder story. In 1984 China suffered an unusual trade imbalance of 1.1 billion dollars, as urban factory managers, desperate to respond to Party demands that they quadruple production by the year 2000, scrambled to modernize by buying foreign iron, steel and technology. According to the State Council's auditors another billion or two vanished from the state revenues, wasted or embezzled.

The Council also reported a huge increase in capital construction, 90 per cent of it outside the 6th Five Year Plan. Hundreds of projects have now been frozen. But the real thunderclap came just as the Party conference was closing. The State Statistical Office forecast an *18 billion dollar* deficit for this year. The figure was instantly repudiated by the Ministry of Foreign Trade and the national news agency which blamed an editorial error. The Statistical Office has stuck to its guns.

Graver still for the Dengists are the revelations from the countryside that per capita income may have been over-reported by 30 to 50 per cent. This is a blow indeed. The 'Rural Responsibility System' is the jewel in Deng's crown, permitting peasants the 'use' but not the 'ownership' of the land they cultivate for up to 30 years. It now emerges, according to investigative reporters in the official press, that over-zealous local officials have been reporting as 'income' what peasants produce but consume themselves, together with wasted produce, bank loans, and even gifts.

According to these disclosures, even in areas of above-average prosperity, 80 per cent of the peasantry lives at subsistence or poverty levels. The percentage of 'gloriously rich' rural entrepreneurs is tiny. Reports of large numbers of them, as Chen Yun put it last week, show that 'our media are divorced from reality.' There is a dangerous point here: the Dengists insist on 'obtaining truth from facts' but it now appears that Chinese officials are still bumping up their production figures, the sort of lie that helped lead to 20 to 25 million dying of starvation between 1959-1961, because no one wanted to admit that the Great Leap was a disaster.

It is a mark of progress that these matters can now be aired rather than be treated as state secrets. In Mao's day, criticising the economy was immediately equated with treason. But at the moment it is plain, as Peking delays publication of the 7th Five Year plan until next spring, that China can not be certain that its bank balance is accurate.

This means that the price in corruption and crime of economic progress has been particularly high. Party members and their children, Chen Yun charged, have involved themselves in everything from swindling and embezzlement to the production of poisonous medicines and wines. What Chen and his supporters say is that Dengism, while still

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popular because the economy has improved, has unleashed greedy and individualistic forces. 'We are Communists,' Chen Yun reminded his audience. He noted that this means planning, and that planning is impossible if you rely on market forces — another of the Dengist cornerstones — or allow yourself to be hitched to the international roller coaster.

The Dengist Party Document Number One of 1984 calls for an increasingly wide gap between the very successful few and the rest on the grounds that such a gap is wonderfully stimulating of effort. But meanwhile most of China's 800 million peasants live on the margin, an official study has once again shown. 'A little man-made or natural disaster can throw them into the ranks of the impoverished.'

Chen is speaking for a constituency of as yet unknown size. As long as incomes and wages go up, inflation will arouse only bursts of outrage, although some of these last spring startled the government. But the Chinese expect the State to look after them. They won't stand for food shortages if farmers are encouraged to cut down grain acreage in favour of commerce. Once that starts happening, Deng will find his praises are no longer so sweetly sung. □

SOUTH PACIFIC

HAWKE CONJURES UP RED THREAT

. . . and provides a cover for US and French activities, reports CLAUDIA WRIGHT

IT MIGHT BE thought that in the middle of the 'Greenpeace Affair', with the French Prime Minister Laurent Fabius admitting official guilt in order to save the Mitterrand presidency there would be no doubt about which countries most immediately threaten the security of the South Pacific island states.

Geoffrey Palmer, New Zealand's Deputy Prime Minister, made the point in Washington on 20 September when he said: 'You should be aware that the South Pacific knows more about nuclear testing than most people. Bikini, Eniwetok, Christmas Island, Fangataufa, and Mururoa. You won't find those names on a map of Europe.' They have been used by the USA, Britain and France to test the weapons too destructive to try out close to home. Echoing the August agreement of the region's member states, the South Pacific Forum, on a South Pacific Nuclear Free Zone, he told the US there would be no budging from New Zealand's policy of granting port access 'only to those vessels which are, to our satisfaction, neither nuclear-powered nor nuclear-armed.'

But wait! The Australian Labor Government, which has taken the Reagan Administration's side against New Zealand on the ship visit issue, announced this week that it has uncovered a new and fresh threat to the South Pacific. The announcement came in a speech to the Asia Society by the newly-appointed Australian ambassador to Washington, Rawdon Dalrymple. There was a threat in the South Pacific, he said, which the Reagan Administration had so far treated with indifference — not the French, but . . . the Cubans and the Libyans.

'The pro-Western orientation of the island countries' was 'threatened', the Australian ambassador declared. French nuclear testing at Mururoa to negotiate agreements on fishing rights with the islands (no reference to the nuclear ship controversy) were, according to the ambassador, 'making a hospitable climate for the Soviet Union, Cuba, Libya, and others who would seek to radicalise and change the present political alignment of the region.'

Senior New Zealand officials have told the *NS* they have always opposed outside interference in the region's politics, but they have no evidence to substantiate any move by Cuba or Libya. The Australian foreign minister, Bill Hayden, was in New York at the UN last week, but refused to answer *NS* questions. Other Australian officials would agree to substantiate the Cuban and Libyan threat but only on condition they not be named or quoted.

ACCORDING TO THE Australian account, a Cuban official paid a visit to the island republic of Vanuatu (formerly the British New Hebrides) not long ago and advised the Vanuatu government to accept a group of paramedics from Vietnam. The official is reportedly Cuba's accredited ambassador to Vanuatu, and if it is odd that Canberra would find his presence in Vanuatu evidence of a strategic threat, it is even odder to note that the same Cuban, Louis Gomez Anzardo, is also the accredited Cuban representative to Australia, though at a lower diplomatic rank than he enjoys in Vanuatu.

Canberra's evidence on the Libyan threat is even more intriguing. According to Australian officials, Ambassador Dalrymple was referring in his Washington speech to 'reliable reports' that members of the independence movement in French New Caledonia, known as Kanaks, have been in contact with Libyan officials and have visited Libya for 'brief training periods'. The Australians aren't saying what the 'training' is for, nor how Canberra has been able to track the Kanaks in and out out of Libya.

New Zealand officials say they are aware of both stories, but they don't imagine there is a Cuban scheme for 'radicalising' Vanuatu or the other South Pacific islands. The New Zealanders also say they have seen uncorroborated claims about a Libyan connection to the Kanaks in the French press; according to the French, Kanak demonstrations against French colonial rule in New Caledonia have been too well-organised to be the indigenous people's own doing.

New Zealand officials are frankly puzzled at the readiness of the Australian government to publicly endorse claims that may be self-serving French propaganda. They acknowledge the possibility that as the Kanak leaders fly in and out of Australia, the Hawke government may be keeping track of their flight destinations, as well as of any calls they might make to the Libyan diplomatic offices in Australia, passing on such information to French intelligence. But for the Australians to be collaborating clandestinely in this way with the French would be a departure from the public posture the government of Prime Minister Bob Hawke has maintained toward decolonialization in New Caledonia, French nuclear testing at Mururoa, and French involvement in the sinking of the *Rainbow Warrior*.

Why the Australian ambassador would emphasize a Cuban and Libyan threat is difficult to understand — he may have decided to sing a song he and the Hawke government are sure the Reagan Administration like to hear. But it reflects how weak and subservient the Hawke government is toward Washington and Paris.

The ambassador has said that Australia wants the US to pay the South Pacific islands for access to their fishing grounds, and halt the poaching of tuna by US fishing boats — the Soviets and all other fishing fleets pay fees; only the Americans refuse. But the Cuban and Libyan spectre the Australians have raised is unlikely to convert the fishing lobby in Washington or convince US officials that Canberra means business.

The Reagan Administration knows the Hawke government doesn't have the nerve to challenge US policy, and it is unimpressed by the red herring Canberra has created to prod the US to act against the French or the tuna poachers. Pacific islanders have already grasped the point the Hawke government can't admit and can't face — that Washington and Paris will not willingly relinquish their grasp on the region. □

INTERNATIONAL BRIGADE MEMORIAL

Will be unveiled by **Michael Foot M.P.**, in the presence of **Sr. Tierno Galvan**, *Mayor of Madrid*, **Tony Banks**, *G.L.C. Chairman*, survivors of the 2,200 volunteers who went to fight fascism in Spain, their families, and many of the families of their 526 comrades who were killed. All are welcome to join in this tribute.

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LETTERS

Relationship that never was

Dora Russell, Penzance, Cornwall

At last the *New Statesman* has the guts to admit that the American 'special relationship' does not exist. It did not exist either in 1917 when the USA came into the war. Visiting the States on war work I became aware that I was not meeting our 'dear cousins' but a foreign nation, proficient in technology and profit making and likely to make a bid for world dominion.

Like large numbers of American women I wanted America to stay out of the war in Europe. The Monroe Doctrine existed to keep Europe out of the Western Hemisphere, a similar 'doctrine' should have preserved Europe from American incursion. When the armies of Britain and Germany were stuck fast in the mire of Flanders was the moment when a truce leading to peace could have been made. There would have been no occasion for the rise of Hitler or the second war.

Russia, on our side against Germany, was regarded in diplomacy at that date as an integral part of Europe. The colossal blunder of Britain was the failure to recognise the Soviet Revolution (also of 1917) offering peace and friendship. Instead we sold out to a cunning and powerful predator, whose propaganda aimed at turning a potential friend into an enemy. Thus the Soviet Union, excluded and insulted, was left to arm itself in its own defence. Britain and Europe have only themselves to blame for their present state of slavery.

Teacher bashing

John Oversby, Marlborough

Your orgy of 'teacher bashing' (NS 27 September) is peppered with half truths and mis-truths. It is not 'without question that there is a great deal of bad teaching and many bad teachers in our state schools' (your editorial). You have swallowed the Joseph rhetoric; the truth is that it is surprising that so much good teaching goes on despite the low pay and inadequate resources. With regard to the proposed contract, it is so open-ended and all-encompassing that any teacher who accepts it willingly is a fool.

Sue Townsend's diatribe, based on a few examples ('a few schools' in her words) does not deserve the space you give it. She makes unwarranted assumptions (expecting an RE teacher to call herself a Christian or that good teachers are likely to teach English) and displays prejudices I had not expected of someone of her standing.

Teachers in State schools are under attack for not accepting government policies. For the *New Statesman* to join the ranks of the attackers is deplorable.

Only a gun, after all

Owen Davies, Lawyers for Nuclear Disarmament, London EC4

What is the point of revealing to a public that can only be alarmed that footpaths outside the Greenham airbase are being patrolled by USAF personnel with a gun, 'admittedly only a .38'? All you have done is stimulate a great number of busy-bodies to enquire from us whether 'anything can be done about it' and whether there is any lawful authority for this state of affairs.

You might have concluded your report by Trevor Brown (*NS* 20 September) by saying that, providing the officer carrying the gun was 'on duty' at the time (that is, so far as the American commander is concerned) there is absolutely nothing anyone in this country can do about it.

I hope this will set the minds of your readers at rest.

Catholics can be radical too

Andrew Smith, Chair, Justice & Peace Commission, Diocese of Notthingham

Is it your editorial policy to alienate your Roman Catholic readership? I refer to your scurrilous attack on the Pope (*NS* 27 September). If this is read with the hostile article on the Church in Ireland (*NS* 13 September) and a number of other recent sniping articles and allusions, one could be excused for believing that the *NS* had set out to become that first specifically anti-Catholic left-wing journal.

Lest my qualifications to make these observations should be questioned (and here I speak for myself alone), I am a member of the Labour Party, the Christian Socialist Movement and Christian CND; I subscribe to seven other Left/radical journals, and find the recent position of the *NS* unique.

When your correspondent speaks of John-Paul's alleged desire to 'roll back' the teaching of the Vatican Council, is he aware that the Pope (then a participating bishop) was a principal architect of the Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World (one of the two most significant declarations produced, and the most formative of subsequent policy). The then Karol Wojtyla wrote a book for the people of his Cracow diocese (available in English, in paperback, under the title of *Sources of Renewal*). I am not aware of any other bishop going to such lengths to report to the laity on the importance and conclusions of the Council (unfortunately). He has not ceased to preach the Council since his election in 1978.

I do not suggest that everything in your article is mistaken. Merely that you do not seem to understand that Catholics can (and do) disagree with the Pope at times, without conflict with belief in Papal Infallibility, properly understood. But you lack balance, and either do not know of, or choose to ignore, the great majority of his writings and sayings. For example, last week the Pope told the Brazilian bishops that 'they must work systematically towards the transformation of unjust conditions in order to alleviate hunger and deprivation' among the people entrusted to their care.

Radical Catholics want to work with the Left, but it is for you to meet us, not defame us. With the current state of Left policy, you are certainly in no position to criticise our consistency — so why drive us away? Because that will be the inevitable result of articles like this.

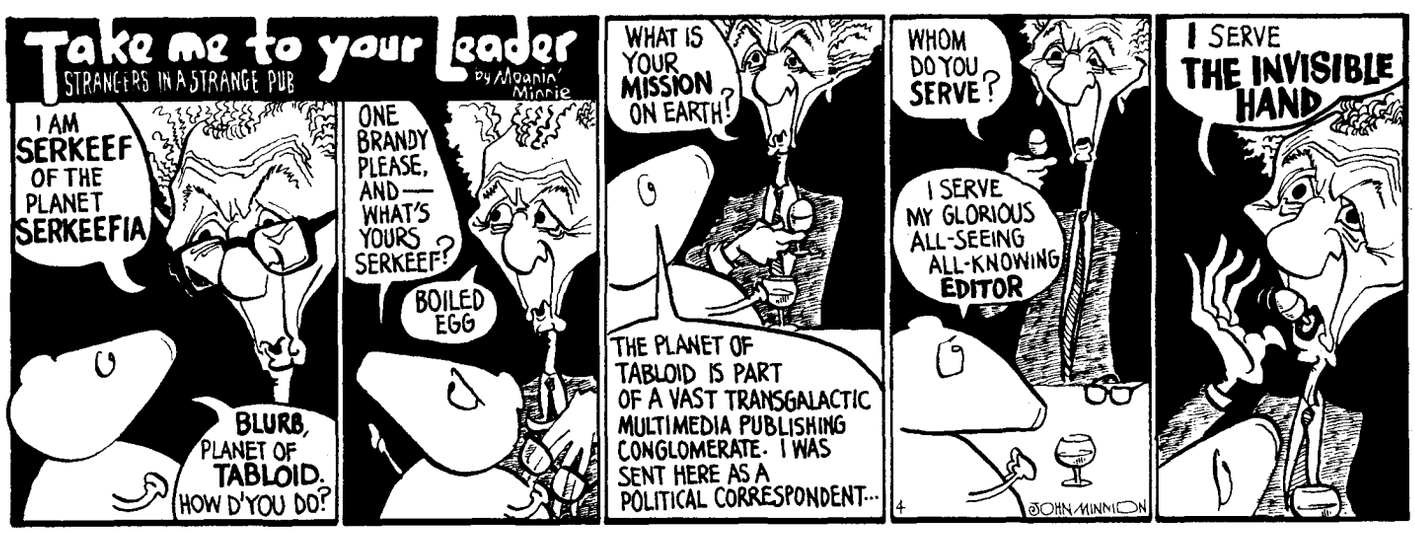
What the Italians know . . .

Phil Braithwaite, Birmingham

In the final sentence of a most valuable article on the reactionary Pope John Paul II (*NS* 27 September), T. M. Pasca implies that Italians have a far more realistic appreciation of the man than do the British.

Precisely this point was made to us earlier this year by a BBC journalist, who appeared to blame the British news media. He had done a report on neo-Nazism in Western Europe for *The World This Weekend*. My Italian sister-in-law, a UK resident, wrote to seek confirmation of several points made about the Pope — in particular that he had recently met the young fascists of the MSI, and that after they had told him about their campaign against Marxism and communism he had replied: 'Continue, continue in this way!'

The journalist replied that she had heard correctly, and went on: 'The words you heard were words reported in the Italian press but not in this country where, unlike in Italy, the Pope is more hero than villain'.


Take me to your Leader
STRANGERS IN A STRANGE PUB
By Moania' Minnie
I AM SERKEEF OF THE PLANET SERKEEFIA
BLURB, PLANET OF TABLOID. HOW D'YOU DO?
ONE BRANDY PLEASE, AND— WHAT'S YOURS SERKEEF?
BOILED EGG
WHAT IS YOUR MISSION ON EARTH?
THE PLANET OF TABLOID IS PART OF A VAST TRANSGALACTIC MULTIMEDIA PUBLISHING CONGLOMERATE. I WAS SENT HERE AS A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT...
WHOM DO YOU SERVE?
I SERVE MY GLORIOUS ALL-SEEING ALL-KNOWING EDITOR
I SERVE THE INVISIBLE HAND
4
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The BBC man also confirmed that on 11 April the Pope had met ultra-right leaders Almirante and Le Pen in a public audience, together with a Spanish right winger named Kirkpatrick and the one Greek extreme right wing member of the European Parliament. He pointed out that 'most Italian Catholics view the Pope as a reactionary and members of the Italian Communist Party, the biggest political party in Italy, regard him as an enemy'.

History of *Tomorrow*

Nick Rosen, Mail on Sunday

I was sorry to see that you have allowed your columns to be used by Francis Wheen (*NS* 20 September) to carry out a personal vendetta against me.

His wife, Joan Smith, was one of my employees at *Tomorrow* magazine (she has been paid in full) and with his inside knowledge of events there he must be aware he was distorting the truth by saying I have not kept my promise to pay all the contributors. As they must both surely know, this is because both people dealing with the matter fell seriously ill (one with cancer). We could not afford to hire a third person to deal with the outstanding cheques, which are in the process of being paid. I think we are about a month late paying our bills, which is not too bad by small magazine standards.

Mr Wheen also says that my article about the BBC was inaccurate. I will not waste time and space by commenting individually on his allegations. Let me just take his claim that 'there is no such thing' as the BBC driving test. There is. And it is extremely easy.

Was Mr Wheen perhaps, 'put up' by the BBC to discredit my story?

Good man, milk!

C.A.G. Shearmer, Verneuil-sur-Seine, France

I'm not very surprised that Paul Martin gets only a thin smile from his Soviet Trade Delegation neighbours in response to his greeting of 'Dobri Doi' (*NS* 27 September).

He appears to be saying: 'Good man, milk!' (his cow presumably) and it is not a greeting to which many people could find a satisfactory response these days, even in English. He might get a more enthusiastic response with some other form of words.

Stagestruck, Mr Crick

Roger Cole, Killiney, Co. Dublin, Ireland

Bernard Crick in his article on Ireland (*NS* 20 September) states that socialists should at least show their knowledge of history, disrespect for the taboos of nationalism, sovereignty and religious orthodoxy. He is, of course, quite right and he should begin with his own article. He states: 'Northern Ireland as a political entity was created by that "community" standing to arms to resist Home Rule in 1913 and 1914 and Dublin rule in 1918 and 1920.'

This is not true. Ireland was partitioned by the British government in London against the clearly expressed wish of the Irish people. It is the British government which has had sovereign power in Northern Ireland and has allowed decades of repression and discrimination to be carried out by loyalists. It was the British government in London which provided weapons to the RUC and A, B and C Specials through which partition was institutionalized. It was the British government which threatened 'terrible war' if partition was not accepted.

It is the British government which is refusing to leave Ireland giving the reason that a 'majority' wants them to stay. The British agreed to transfer sovereignty in Hong Kong to China, despite a majority wish within Hong Kong. However, the Chinese government is not a group of wimps led by Garret FitzGerald.

Your readers should know that FitzGerald, 'a no more thoughtful statesman in the modern world,' has presided over one of the largest increases in unemployment in modern Irish history, a massive reduction in living standards and is about to embark on privatisation plans which will leave Mrs Thatcher's in the shade. It is Crick who is stagestruck, not the elements of the British Left he attacks.

He is disingenuous when he says that no one in Ireland, apart from the IRA and Mr Haughey supports a unitary state. Charles Haughey is the leader of Fianna Fail, the largest party in the Republic, which is now 18 per cent ahead of the Coalition government in the public opinion polls and is virtually assured of winning the next election, while eight per cent of the electorate voted for Sinn Fein in the 32 counties in the last EEC elections.

On the left, the Trade Union Group for National Unity and Independence which supports British withdrawal has been gaining support while a similar group within the Irish Labour Party will also be attempting to change the current policy of that party.

Question of class

Frank Allaun, Manchester

Peter Kellner has been guilty of a monumental mistake about Labour's future. (*NS* 27 September). He writes: 'In round numbers, Labour can hope at most for seven out of 12 million blue-collar votes (including foremen and technicians); the party must also win five out of 16 million middle-class votes.'

Sixteen million middle-class votes! He has evidently included millions of white-collar workers who are not middle class at all. They form the *majority* of the 16 millions: shop assistants, office workers, local government employees, civil servants, teachers, clerical workers in factories, and banking, insurance and building society employees.

They, like the blue-collars, work for an employer, with similar wages, hours and conditions problems. Many are much worse off — particularly in wages — than the worker in the boiler suit. They, too, suffer from Mrs Thatcher's cuts. Several millions are organised in trade unions, some of them exceedingly militant. They work with their brains rather than their hands, but they are workers nonetheless. (And anyone who thinks industrial workers don't need brains as well as hands should have their own brains examined.)

It may be true that some white-collars may *consider* themselves to be middle class and natural supporters of Conservatism. The danger of Peter Kellner's erroneous classification is that, instead of showing them they are workers with the same interests as other workers, it reinforces their delusions of middle-class grandeur.

Correction

Two errors appeared in Julian Meldrum's article on AIDS last week due to editing. The article should have said that the number of people infected and having antibodies to the virus was at least 500,000 in the USA and 10,000 in Britain. It also implied that antibody tests were only generally available through blood donations. In fact, several clinics do offer this service. A positive antibody test almost certainly does imply infection with the virus.

FRANK COUSINS TGWU PEACE AWARD

The Transport and General Workers' Union invites applications for the 1985 Frank Cousins' Peace Prize.

The aim of the scheme is to assist with research, travel or other projects which promote peace, disarmament and/or arms, conversion. **The award is worth £2,000.**

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Applications should be sent to:

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TGWU, Transport House,
Smith Square, London SW1.

THE CLOSING DATE IS 31 OCTOBER 1985.

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CUCKOOS IN THE TORY NEST

Camera Press

The Thatchers smile benignly as they arrive for the Falklands service. But the party reviled the Bishop for not giving it the moral blessing it wanted

Once Tories and the established church seemed indissolubly linked. Now cracks are appearing in the marriage. TERRY TASTARD looks at which partner has changed — and argues for an absolute divorce of Church and State.

IN RECENT YEARS the leadership of the Church of England has been seen to take on the role of public critics of Mrs Thatcher and her government. The church in turn has been criticised by Tories and others, who accuse it of traducing its members by abandoning central Christian beliefs and venerated forms of worship. So is the Church of England (Provider of Dignified ceremonial; H.M. the Queen, *Governor*) going through some kind of sea change in which it is ceasing to reinforce the establishment?

In the political arena there has been plenty of evidence for this interpretation. The Falklands service in St Paul's rankled with Mrs Thatcher in 1982, and since then the pace has intensified. There was the Bishop of Durham's famous aphorism about Ian MacGregor as an elderly imported American. Scarcely had the furore over that died down when David Jenkins returned to the fray, attacking the government over the cost of its economic policies in his maiden speech to General Synod last November. The Synod itself earlier passed a motion criticizing the implementation of the 1981 British Nationality Act.

The government has also been publicly pressured by Archbishop Robert Runcie (and Cardinal Hume) to increase aid to Ethiopia. Even the traditionalist Bishop of London, Graham Leonard, put in a deft oppositional oar this May, when he led an ambush in the House of Lords which knocked out a clause empowering the government to dissolve the ILEA (he has always opposed the dismantling of the GLC). And the bishops are still at it: three of them voted for the Labour amendment in the Lords on 29 July which castigated the government for its 'insensitive implementation' of the Top Salaries Review Body's pay increases.

Amost as surprising as the church's polemical eloquence is that its criticisms have drawn blood. In March this year Mrs Thatcher made her celebrated reference to bishops and dons as 'cuckoos'. Earlier John Selwyn Gummer, then chairman of the Tory party, had said in a sermon in Cambridge that bishops could no more pontificate on economics than the Pope could correct Galileo on physics. But at about the same time David Lunn, Bishop of Sheffield, was telling his diocesan synod that the Church of England was acting as the conscience of the nation, and 'a tame, conformist church that never dared to challenge rulers and people with a word from God would be a sorry substitute for conscience'.

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IN A SENSE there is nothing new in these developments. Ever since the evangelical revival and anglo-catholic movements in the 19th century rescued the Church of England from being a department of State, the church has thought of itself as in some sense the moral watchdog of the country. What *is* new is the widespread insistence that morality extends to social and economic issues. David Jenkins is thus able to attack the government over the effects of privatising bus routes while his predecessors would more likely have been found intoning about sexual morality.

The Church of England's enhanced understanding of the importance of socio-economic issues is a shift of perception that it shares with the Christian church in general, and beyond that with people the world over whose growing self-awareness derives from such factors as the development of a global economy and the communications revolution. Still, special factors can be seen at work in the church. The impact of Third World theologians in general and liberation theologians in particular has been immense.

And to its own surprise the Church of England finds itself related to and stimulated by a world family, the Anglican Communion. Church circles no longer find it remarkable that Church of England missionary agencies now bring missionaries over *to* this country *from* Africa and Asia, often people with strong views on Western economics.

Yet if the Church of England's perceptions have changed at the same time as those of society as a whole, why has its recent clash with the government stood out in the way it has? The answer lies in the Church of England's total permeation by middle-class values and conventions, with their stress on compromise, consensus and moderation. It is not so much the Church of England that has moved as the Thatcher government. The church's developing social conscience has coincided with an ideologically extreme administration.

This was noticed in the preface to the 1985 Church of England Yearbook, traditionally a pungent (and anonymous) survey of the contemporary church scene. The writer comments that the government's conflict is with church people 'who are committed not to red revolution but to the so called "middle axioms", to the tempering of economic rigour by fairness and compassion'. The writer goes on to point out how many speakers in General Synod debates criticised the government on the grounds that Tory economic values were not self-justifying but should be set in the larger context of human values.

Now we might observe that such speakers tend to assume that *their* ideas of human values are self-justifying, even although these arguably played a part in bringing Mrs Thatcher to power. It is significant that of the two currents of thought in liberation theology, it is the one that stresses empathy with the poor which has attracted attention in this country; hence the phrase 'options for the poor' which has gained such popularity as to almost empty it of meaning. But there is another approach in liberation theology which (drawing on the Marxist analysis of ideology) poses a radical question mark against conventional understandings of morality in capitalist society. The Anglican theological establishment has paid little attention to this one. Its radical elements prefer to think that a straightforward 'seeing through the eyes of the poor' is both possible and will magically yield a new moral prism.

Syndication International

Will one black bishop (Wilfrid Wood) help change the wholly middle class ethics of the Church of England?

THE DANGER OF focussing on the Church of England's newer, high profile political role is that it may obscure deeper and more fundamental shifts in the relationship between church and society. The very middle-class values which estrange the church from the present government are part of a world view which makes the Church of England less and less representative of the country as a whole.

This is particularly noticeable in recruitment of its clergy. This was clearly shown in a recent survey of those ordained under new regulations allowing men to train part-time and keep their jobs after ordination. One of the hopes attached to this change was that it would bring in clergy from a wider social spectrum. It has not. Of some 805 men ordained 1971-81, only 4 per cent came from the largely working-class categories which comprise 65 per cent of the English male working population. There were 171 teachers, 50 lecturers, 52 administrators and clerks; but only four labourers, one electrician, two fitters.

The General Synod — part of whose function is to represent — is even more unrepresentative. Elections are under way for a fresh synod. But in its social composition it is unlikely to differ much from its predecessor. A survey of the last synod's members by Manchester lecturer George Moyser showed that a staggering 96 per cent of lay members had occupations of an upper middle-class professional or managerial nature. Only a miniscule one per cent could be clearly classified as working class.

The unrepresentative nature of its clergy and most influential laity stamps much of the church with class assumptions that are all the more powerful for being largely unnoticed by those who perpetrate them. For example, two years ago the Archbishop of York, John Habgood, wrote *Church and Nation in a Secular Age* in which he argues that the Church of England has a continuing role as a unifying force at the centre of national life. He rejects the suggestion that the Church of England's perceptions are dulled by its privileged position in society, and in arguing his point he takes the example of the House of Lords:

> To those who do not know it from within, the House of Lords can seem the haunt of privilege *par excellence*. But when one tries to spell out in

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> concrete terms what the actual privileges are, they do not seem nearly so impressive. A place to hang one's coat and park one's car and eat a reasonably cheap lunch in central London; an expense allowance which just, only just covers costs; access to a library and parliamentary papers; contact with interesting people; a public platform; the rest is sheer hard work.

Presumably only someone used to moving with unconscious ease and self-assurance through the privileged echelons of society could write so blindly.

My point is that even within its own membership the Church of England is effectively inhibited from being a force for national unity. Today, the basis on which the Church of England can claim to be the State church is increasingly reduced to legal formalism and the performance of certain national rites. An average Sunday now sees more Catholics in church in England (1.5 million) than Anglicans (1.2 million) though the membership of the Church of England is three to four times larger than that of the Catholic Church.

In addition to the shrinking of the Church of England there is the vigour of other religious groups, usually assisted by ethnic factors. It is estimated that there are at least 600 congregations of the fast-growing Afro-Caribbean churches, not to mention some 1.5 million Muslims and 500,000 Hindus. Moreover, the Church of England has always been just that: the Church of *England*. In Scotland, Wales and Ireland, Anglicans are a minority who operate without being part of a church linked to the State. Given these factors it is surprising that there is comparatively little resentment at the claim that the Church of England is the conscience of the nation.

STILL, THE QUESTION of the legitimacy of the Church of England's claims for itself is not going to remain unasked for ever. It is against this backdrop of insecurity that some of the bitterness over changes in church services has to be understood. One of the charges levelled by defenders of the Book of Common Prayer against reformers is that they are turning the Church of England into a sect. The thrust of the criticism is that the new services beome familiar only to the regular church-going minority and effectively unchurch the folk-religionists. The latter are those who are vague about Christian beliefs and who turn up only for such events as harvest festivals, Remembrance Sunday, or family rites of passage, dimly remembering a different service in Tudor English. The critics fear that if the Church of England ceases to try to appeal to its lapsed majority then it will ultimately cease to be in any sense a national church.

The same fear gives an extra edge to doctrinal controversy arising from contemporary theological scholarship. For example, the historical critical method has shown the New Testament to be less a celestial dictation than a product of writers who reflected the thought patterns of their time and had their own axes to grind. The first three ('synoptic') gospels are now known to be the fruits of collation and editing. It can often be shown how components were passed on and sometimes corrupted in the process, or even reshaped to meet a particular gospel writer's interests. At the same time literary techniques such as the study of myth have made biblical experts conscious that ancient texts had layers of meaning beyond the literal.

But when theologians like David Jenkins have sought to incorporate these insights into the understanding of what it means to be a Christian, the backlash has been considerable. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that as a bishop David Jenkins (like John Robinson before him) is thought to represent the *trahison des clercs* that could bring down a whole shaky edifice which it is a bishop's duty to bolster. But if so, then it is a particular kind of church that is at risk and not the Christian faith itself.

More radical by far has been the Cambridge lecturer, the Rev Don Cupitt, whose considerable communicative skills on television — as in last year's series, *The Sea of Faith* — should in theory make him a more threatening figure than the insouciant garrulity of David Jenkins. Cupitt should also be the more disturbing because, while Jenkins is clearly still in the Christian mainstream, Cupitt is on the further shores of an indiosyncratic synthesis of Christianity and Buddhism. He also adopts a Wittgenstinian view that metaphysical beliefs do not relate to any objective reality but are the products of linguistic convention. Yet despite all this Cupitt has failed to raise the storm that greeted Jenkins's remarks on the resurrection. But then a Cambridge don is less a threat to the institutional church than a bishop.

WITH ALL THESE handicaps and tensions there is good reason to believe that it would be better for the Church of England and the country if the church were dis-established, just as the Church of Ireland was in 1869 and the Church of Wales in 1914. It would be for the good of the Church of England which would have to find its own identity apart from the State. Instead the Church of England would have to find creativity and integrity in being a prophetic minority, uncompromised by any links with the State. From the point of view of the government of the day, dis-establishment ought to be attractive as underlining its commitment to accepting that Britain is a pluralist, multi-faith society.

At present, senior church appointments (such as bishops and deans), are made in theory by the crown but in effect by the prime minister. With dis-establishment this patronage would cease, and bishops would no longer sit in the House of Lords. The sovereign could be of any faith or none, and would no longer head the church. With dis-establishment there could also be a fresh look at the enormous wealth of the Church of England, administered for it by the Church Commissioners. In 1984 their stock exchange investments were worth £707 million, their property holdings £921 million.

Part of the current strategy of the Church Commissioners is to diversify out of London residential property and invest in commercial property in the USA. In practice this meant that, for example, families on the Maida Vale estate in west London found that in the name of the needs of the Church of England their rented flats were sold over their heads to speculators. The Commissioners only climbed down and agreed to sell to housing associations last week. Dis-establishment could also create mechanisms to look at where the church's wealth could be ethically invested. Frank Field MP has recently shown that most of the Church Commissioners' safeguards regarding investments in South Africa are ineffectual.

At the moment (even though Tony Benn has said that the Church of England is ripe for privatisation!), the possibility of dis-establishment seems remote. Even so, the Archbishop of Canterbury has clearly been doing some thinking on the topic. On a visit to Canada in the summer he told Canadian Anglicans that despite recent controversies the links between church and State in England were not to be severed. But he concluded that there were grounds for such a break and that if the State decided to take this step 'then that decision would be accepted with equanimity'.

One possible church-State clash looms on the horizon, however, which would bring serious consideration of dis-establishment closer. The General Synod's recent decision to allow women to become deacons will require parliamentary approval. A year ago a perfectly innocuous measure tidying up a technicality relating to bishops was defeated when it came before the House of Commons. The rejection scarcely related to the measure at hand and the accompanying debate made it clear that a motley collection of MPs were using the opportunity to hit at trendy bishops, prayer book revisers etc. Enoch Powell is said to have played a leading hand on that occasion and to be preparing similarly to defeat the legislation necessary for women deacons. General Synod would not take such a defeat lightly. □

Terry Tastard is an Anglican Franciscan friar.

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Speak for themselves

Malcolm Imrie

Soldier, Soldier
TONY PARKER *Heinemann* £9.95

NOT MANY SOLDIERS will read this review. 'I've never seen a mess in which you'd find the *New Statesman,*' one ex-lieutenant tells Tony Parker, '. . .officers are mostly the kind of unthinking Tories who consider themselves non-political.' An *ex*-lieutenant, note. Only one serving officer quoted in *Soldier, Soldier* expresses the same opinion, and he's on his way out. The shortage of radical officers and absence of radical magazines in the Royal Anglian infantry hardly comes as a shock. From 28,000 miles of travel and 181 extensive interviews with soldiers and their wives, Tony Parker has produced an enthralling book but very few surprises.

Here's a second-lieutenant who believes, 'The whole world is my oyster. There are always exercises and courses, and there's bags of sport.' And here's a private who knows the type: 'The one who's in charge of my platoon. . . he came along here at nineteen or twenty and he knows fuck all about anything . . . every time he goes to the toilet he can't decide whether to have a crap or a piss.' A major derives 'a quite incredible feeling of being honoured' because he can 'look back through the regiment's history and find that my forebears go back in it. . . for literally hundreds of years.' A private has other motivations: 'I went to Norwich Recruitment Office when I was sixteen and a half when I was working in a chicken factory. It was absolutely fucking terrible.' These are all representative voices: a couple of variants per rank and the pattern starts to repeat.

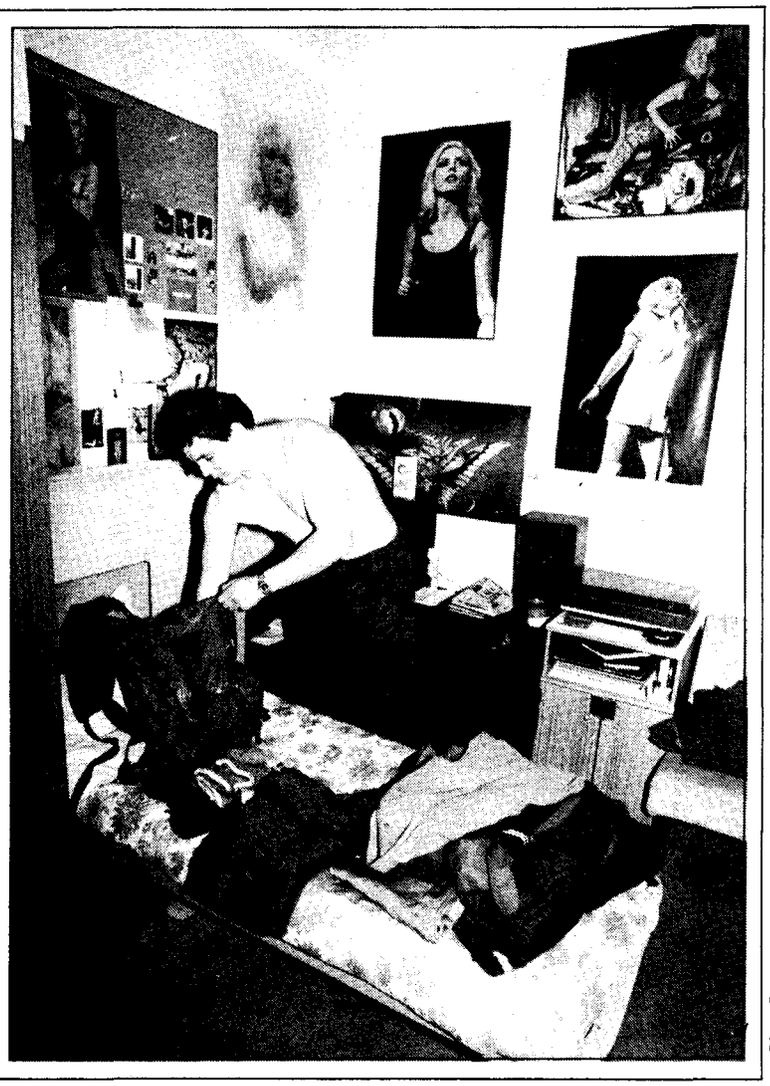
But, as with all Parker's interview collections, the pleasure of reading lies not in what the subjects say but in the way that *they* say it. His stock-in-trade is the exclusion of commentary, elucidation, ellipses. His skill is in loosening tongues and transcribing the recorded results expansively and seamlessly, carefully imitating the rhythms of speech. Only two direct questions appear in the entire book. Parker is a modern Mass-Observer with a tape-recorder: at a time when the interview substitutes for criticism or analysis it's unfortunate that no one else seems to have his modesty or attentiveness. He's unique, too, in his quest for singularity and difference, an antidote to the media's all-consuming generalities, to what Jean Baudrillard neatly calls 'the perfect descriptive machine, which provides all the signs of the real and short-circuits all its vicissitudes'.

The trouble is that there's no place for vicissitudes in the Royal Army. These are not the infinitely varied inhabitants of a London housing estate whose voices filled his last book, *The People of Providence;* they are members of a closed, rigidly structured institution. Their space for individuality is as circumscribed as that of their wives, who can paint the walls of army houses any colour they like as long as it's blue, lemon, pink or light green.

In fact, it's the soldiers' wives who provide most of the dissension and disturbance in the text — suffering more than their share of monotony and regulation, enjoying none of the army's satisfactions or security.

Elsewhere, more remarkably, women's demands also threaten military equilibrium. 'Personally I noticed that a number of soldiers who were usually the jolliest and noisiest were, at Greenham, very quiet and seemed to have been preoccupied with their own thoughts,' recalls one officer. The predictable aggression of some respondents, and the bitterness at doing the police's job for far less pay, are outweighed not only by respect and even sympathy for the Greenham women, but by a serious questioning of their own role, something which otherwise is only apparent in the section on Ireland. There are hints of trigger-happy senior officers, suggestions that if it had come to a crunch, not everyone would have obeyed orders.

Soldier, Soldier has been censored by the MoD, to whom Parker, 'entirely voluntarily' gave the final veto. An avowed pacifist, he's astonished at how few deletions were requested. A more honest publisher might have indicated where cuts were made but no doubt they were minor, no doubt the MoD were pleased. It's hard to share Parker's astonishment. Official candour and official secrecy have similar functions. And military 'truth' today is not to be found in the unedited voices of increasingly irrelevant infantrymen, but rather in that purely technological escalation which is eroding the humanism Parker cherishes and the individual authenticity he pursues. Which is not to criticise his project: he remains, however anachronistically, a good man with a microphone. □



Probably not a *New Statesman* reader: soldier in Colchester barracks

Photo Source

With musket or missile

Martin Shaw

Soldiers
JOHN KEEGAN and RICHARD HOLMES
Hamish Hamilton £12.95

SOLDIERS is a serious picture-book (superbly illustrated, of course) written by two Sandhurst academics to accompany the BBC series. As it lands on the coffee tables, with a foreword by Frederick Forsyth (the TV presenter), it is worth pondering the view of war coming from this interface of our military and cultural establishments. ▷

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The book is undoubtedly the product of the 'humane' study which, Keegan has claimed, is British military history. So Forsyth is right to say that 'No potential reader should think *Soldiers* is another glorification of war book...'. And yet, for all its cool analytical approach and direct presentation of martial horrors, the book feeds what Forsyth frankly acknowledges as the 'fascination' of war without putting that in its proper historical context.

Taken narrowly as history, Keegan and Holmes's work is an attractive blend of controlled description — well supplied with apt quotations — and analytical insight. The authors have absorbed much of the understanding, common to all good writing on war, of its crucial links with society, especially (but not just) economics and technology. At this level, there is some achievement in presenting a serious account of the development of various branches of warfare — medicine as well as infantry, logistics as well as tanks — to a relatively wide audience.

But considering this erudition, there is a studied evasion of the larger historical issues — those which define what this past of soldiering might mean for us today. The Conclusion is a compilation of poetry and mood which abdicates the intellectual responsibilities of a contemporary study of war, ending only with a vague and pious hope: 'May the world, in its next ten thousand years, find a way of working that spares the old the need to ask the young' the supreme sacrifice.

We may well ask if we have ten years, let alone ten thousand. But *Soldiers*, so good on the technologies which have altered the face of battle, hardly mentions the nuclear technology which replaces battle by intercontinental missile exchange. Are those who guard codes and press buttons still soldiers? If not, are true soldiers now redundant? Or will they enjoy life after death, bringing law and order to an irradiated world?

None of these issues are broached; nor, indeed, is there any discussion of soldiers in politics (coups, policing) or politics among soldiers (mutiny, insurrection or even trade unionism). The authors' sociology is too rudimentary. They are able to see only the simpler forms of patriotism and regimental loyalty as ideologies .

When Keegan and Holmes distance themselves from such overt militarism, one suspects that they see themselves as outside ideology altogether. But they are only expressing the dominant Anglo-American military tradition — the tradition which gave us four years of 'war against militarism' in 1914-18, and the atomic bomb 'as a means of saving life' at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The polished but curiously incomplete history of *Soldiers* may have its own practical functions: to explain — and justify — the training of men for war despite all that is known of its exterminist potential. Until, some time in the next 10,000 years, we have sorted out international problems, we shall go on needing men to kill and die in war. But will we? Readers should beware the ideology of *Soldiers*. □

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The past future

K.V. Bailey

Scientific Romance in Britain 1890 — 1950
BRIAN STABLEFORD *Fourth Estate* £19.50

BRIAN STABLEFORD brings to this book the skills of a sociologist and the insights of a successful science fiction novelist. His purpose is to trace the history of an indigenous British genre, to bring to the surface a number of literary wrecks whose content is, in perspective, pertinent and to view the decline (and after-life) of scientific romance in the light of the maturation of American-born science fiction.

Matters of literary labels and boundaries are notoriously contentious. Darko Suvin in his *Victorian Science Fiction in the UK*, projecting 'science fiction' backwards, was procrustean in amputating non-conforming limbs. Dr Stableford, contrariwise, stretches 'scientific romance' (a Victorian label) to accommodate novels as far apart in time, 'ideology' and style as Conan Doyle's *The Doings of Raffles Haw* and Gerald Heard's *Doppelgängers*. Such latitude is vindicated in exemplifying chapters, where he pursues two main indicators of genre identity: the scientific romance 'is a story built around something glimpsed through a window of possibility from which scientific discovery has drawn back the curtain'; but it is 'always inherently playful and is never without a hint of seriousness' — a condition which may lead through 'the allure of the extraordinary' to heightened awareness and a perhaps misanthropic detachment and iconoclasm.

Its first generation writers practised in that period culminating in the Great War when the meeting of social Darwinism with an increasing apocalyptic anxiety generated ethical, philosophic and economic debate, which had a complement in speculative fiction. Some of its exponents — Beresford, Shiel, Doyle, Wells — turned temporarily away from the scientific romance, but returned to it in what Stableford, after Wells, calls the Age of Frustration, being then in the company of a new generation which included S. Fowler Wright, John Gloag, Neil Bell and Olaf Stapledon. Works of major authors are expertly and readably summarised and given biographical grounding. Further, the works are related to economic, publishing and marketing profiles. In all of this the author's skills in sociological analysis enable him to fill out the historical/structural dimensions of his study, while his writer's intuitive feeling for the genre ensures that he never loses sight of the uniqueness of individual imaginings.

The chapters on this period are developed to examine trends in writings of such odd, but in the context admissible, stable-mates as Charlotte Haldane, Eden Phillpotts, Bernard Shaw and Aldous Huxley. What the Age of Frustration 'scientific romancers' came to take for granted was that the future 'must involve some kind of essential qualitative change in the human condition'. During the 1940s, in the shadow of nuclear and Orwellian potentialities, while American science fiction grew in sophistication, what Stableford terms the 'swan songs' of scientific romance were being sung by its surviving between-wars practitioners; and C.S. Lewis and Gerald Heard were writing fictions and fantasies on the premise that 'there is some essential truth in myth...to which we must awaken'.

It was for writers in the immediately post-1950 years (Arthur C. Clarke, John Wyndham, John Christopher, J. G. Ballard) to work towards a synthesis in which the serious-tending but dying scientific romance of middle-brow literary culture contributed elements to a new and distinctive species of British science fiction — one influenced by what Stableford sees as the 'playful' bias and 'imaginative exuberance' of maturing American speculative writing. Briefly he follows its progress through the *New Worlds* decades and beyond.

If in one aspect this work is encyclopaedic and 'archaeologically' of value, its chief claim must be to have created for specialist and general readers a descriptive conspectus of one entire tradition — one, moreover, which through a kind of pseudomorphosis succeeded in transmitting some of its patterns. Key themes and authors are documented by lively précis and adroitly chosen quotation; and the book is a model of methodic structure. One could of course quibble according to preference over this or that judgment, emphasis or categorisation; but taken as a whole Brian Stableford's contribution to the critical literature of this field is scholarly, comprehensive — and a pleasure to read. □

FICTION

Of the fathers

Marion Glastonbury

A Family Madness
THOMAS KENEALLY *Hodder* £9.95
Light Years
MAGGIE GEE *Faber* £9.95
The Third Life of Grange Copeland
ALICE WALKER *The Women's Press* £8.95 & £3.95
Betsey Brown
NTOZAKE SHANGE *Methuen* £9.50 & £3.50

'SOMETIMES, even here, history can't be avoided, history comes up and grabs people.' Thomas Keneally's plots are as pugnacious as his prose. **A Family Madness** contains so many body blows, bosom enemies and explosive charges that readers may well share with the novel's startled victims the sensation of being seized from behind in an ambush.

Terry Delaney is a young Sydneysider, wry, laconic, wary, but still innocent; a keen Rugby

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League player, fond husband and good Catholic, whose father-in-law, true to his Sicilian origins, plants a statue of St Francis to bless his tomato crop. New Australians have long memories, often of intricate wrongs and ancient feuds, as Delaney discovers when he falls in love with the boss's daughter, herself in thrall to the lost cause of Belorussian independence. Her brothers stockpile weapons and plan vengeance. Her father, Rudi Kabbel, formerly Radislaw Kabbelski, heads the sinister family firm 'Uncle Security' and translates the war-time diaries of his father, a White Russian patriot, politician and Nazi chief of police.

Past and present, solidly documented, alternate throughout the book like close-packed chunks of meat on a kebab skewer. Letters from Rudi's sister Genia and his own boyhood recollections of invasion, assassination and massacre are interspersed with the current power struggles of football teams and fast-food chains. Meanwhile, the Kabbel clan anticipates the apocalypse that promises to end the barbarism which has prevailed against them.

Women attain dignity here by silent endurance; men by single-minded passion, warring against fate with little or no help from the codes, rules, institutions and fraternities in which they put their trust. Leaders fail, friends betray, cops are bent, a priest turns pederast, security guards commit armed robbery and foul play gets Delaney suspended from the sport which is, to him, 'a perfected model of an imperfect world'.

Keneally links private obsessions and seedy vendettas with the legacy of European conflict. Maggie Gee, by an even more ambitious stretch of the imagination, sets marital troubles in the context of the cosmos, joining the extremities of inner and outer space. Harold and Lottie quarrel and part and spend 52 chapters of **Light Years**, from January to December, missing each other. Into their respective orbits come old acquaintances, new lovers, his parents, her son and a supporting cast of menials and bystanders, who may be either comic-respectable — like the housekeeper and the landlady — or pathetic-alarming, like Smeggy the jewel-thief and the tramp with whom Lottie tries to share her wealth.

To the rest of us, Lottie's millions are a mixed blessing; on the one hand, affording lavish descriptions of meals, trips, fashions and floral arrangements; on the other, leaving the separated couple with very little to do. Having married money, Harold no longer teaches. Mercifully he remains an enthusiastic learner. What he notices in the news, what he finds out about planets from an old encyclopaedia and observes of the seasons during coastal walks puts strength and substance into the romantic equivalent of a Harrods carrier bag.

Alice Walker's first novel, **The Third Life of Grange Copeland**, originally published in the United States in 1970, traces three generations of black sharecroppers in the vast cotton flats of South Georgia. At the outset, Brownfield is a wide-eyed field labourer aged ten, malnourished, illiterate, envous of his city cousins and terrified of his brutal father. By the end, their moral positions are reversed, with Brownfield destroyed as a human being and the regenerate old man selflessly preparing his granddaughter for 'some great and herculean task', her survival *whole* and her people's deliverance from bondage.

This surprisingly up-beat conclusion to a rawly authentic chronicle of grief reflects two literary purposes which Alice Walker has stated elsewhere: the commitment, first, to praise the skills and wisdom of oppressed ancestors previously despised for their 'backwardness' and, secondly, to celebrate the tradition of slave narratives in which struggles led to success.

Faith in the liberation of the race ostensibly dominates the home-training of 13-year-old **Betsey Brown** from St Louis, the eponymous heroine of a new novel, set in the late Fifties, by the poet and playwright Ntozake Shange. Betsey's doctor father equips his children for the Civil Rights campaign by drilling them in the facts of African history and Black culture. They carry their knowledge of Langston Hughes and Paul Robeson into their newly integrated schools. Yet the drama of political change is curiously played down. Instead, we get sit-com rows between the ladies of the house and a succession of servants, tear-drenched family prayers when Betsey runs away from home, a family carnival when Mama returns after a disagreement with Daddy, and any amount of amorous reverie from women of three generations: 'Betsey was nigh on heaven's doorstep with the rustling and caws of the approaching evening . . . This kiss was a river wisp and innocent as dawn'. Her story is to be produced as a musical in New York. Will the lyrics sound better once we hear the tunes? □

In a vending machine

Nicholas Murray

Landscapes of Poverty
JEREMY SEABROOK *Blackwell* £12.50

WRITING ABOUT the poor, as distinct from writing *by* the poor, has a long pedigree. The late 19th century and early 20th century in particular produced a voluminous and graphic literature of social exploration, the most acute of which — works like H. F. C. Masterman's *From the Abyss*, for example — recognised the contradictions inherent in the enterprise, the incapacity of the outsider to penetrate behind appearances, the uncertain motives of the literary voyeur and the ways in which the reporter modified what was seen according to his or her prior assumptions. Even the phrase 'the poor' implies a distancing: these are people we pity or judge but they are not like us.

Jeremy Seabrook's new study (which refines the arguments and the techniques of his earlier work) belongs to this tradition of reporting on the condition of the poor to the concerned and educated classes. It is a dignified and eloquent book which seeks to describe and to explain the reasons for the persistence of poverty in

In the *TLS* on October 4

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Great Britain versus the new Argentina —
which cares more about individual rights?

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contemporary urban societies. Breaking out of the habitual parochialism of English social policy discussion it considers the phenomenon on a global scale, juxtaposing the experiences of poor people in Britain and in India and seeing the hand of international capitalism in every work of human misery recounted.

It is a form of political writing far removed from the caucus and the model resolution, the ritual broadside and the manifesto declaration. Seabrook tries to show the damage that has been done to the working class by the shifting, protean, relentless energies of capitalism, not least in its cunning attempt to pretend that the battle against want has been won and poverty belongs with the exhibits in the industrial museums we visit on our Sundays off. In fact the old exploitations have simply undergone a metamorphosis. In the new service industries arising from the ashes of heavy manufacturing the same displacements, privations, impoverishments of body and spirit occur — one chapter is simply titled 'Recurrences' — but they are suffered in a different way, without traditions of solidarity and often alone. The small groups of night cleaners emerging from an office block in the dark of a winter morning have become a more representative symbol than cloth-capped crowds spilling from the factory gates.

In his analysis of 'the great vending machine in which we live' Seabrook can seem like a latter-day Carlyle, decoding the signs of the times in a prophetic rage against the cash nexus. The failure of contemporary capitalism to meet real human needs, its manipulation of false ones, or more exactly the way in which 'real needs get waylaid and falsified' is his central theme. This is a prolonged meditation on the experience of poverty, rather than an earnest Fabian programme of practical reform, but if Seabrook holds out a solution it is in 'a new culture of surviving' where the concept of sufficiency is paramount. The solution to poverty lies not in riches but in the meeting of real needs. Capitalism, which needs constantly to keep us dissatisfied with the idea of having enough, naturally abhors such a concept. It needs poverty and its discontents as much as it needs restless acquisitiveness to keep its 'epic circularity' in perpetual motion.

If I have any reservations about this book they are to do with the vignettes of contemporary working-class life which vivify its argument. The portraits of the Michelles, the Eddies, the Corinnes and the Peters ring true — Seabrook is an honest and perceptive observer — but they are curiously one-dimensional: types of deprivation, despair, urban futility. The unemployed youth so high on pills that he cooks his hand like a steak over the gas ring, the reckless contemporary who drives a mile up the wrong side of the motorway for kicks are components of a proletarian *bizarrerie*, exhibits of the urban zoo. Yes, they exist, but so do the warmth, humour, resourcefulness, *defiance*, that are also present in working-class life, filling out the picture, pointing to the common ground we share and must keep sharing if the space between 'the poor' and the rest of us (we are made out of the same material) is ever to be traversed. □

Footnotes

THE DOZEN or so books reviewed in the *NS* each week represent just one possible short-list from enormous numbers of candidates (258 books received here during the first two weeks of September).

Some, of course, provoke only wonderment: who buys those naked PhD theses in unreadable type on poor paper at exorbitant prices? But others exude mute reproach from their shelves: such hard authorial work passing unremarked; such worthy subjects undealt with. Hence, in part, this occasional short report on some of the unreviewed.

Useful reference books, for instance, like OUP's new *Great Britons: Twentieth-Century Lives* by Harold Oxbury (£14.95). It's illustrated (though what purpose do pictures serve in this kind of book?) and sketches the careers of 645 British subjects who died between 1915 and 1980. It is joined this week by *The Longman Dictionary of 20th-Century Biography* which weighs in at £12.95, trawls for its catch worldwide and includes the living as well as the dead.

The Strikers Moneyguide by Alex Dunn (Centre for Alternative Industrial and Technological Systems, £8.95 & £3.95) would come in handy in the libraries of trade unions and CABs, while Roger Omond's Penguin Special, *The Apartheid Handbook* (£3.95), is an invaluably complete question-and-answer tour of the facts and effects of apartheid.

This being a post-holiday, pre-Booker, shop-early-for-Christmas time, novels have been flooding from the publishing houses. Other fashions seem to be for books about Northern Ireland — how? why? whither? — and about good old-fashioned party and parliamentarian politics.

Macmillan have launched yet another new feminist series. 'Women in Society: A Feminist List edited by Jo Campling' (and described thus on the covers) kicks off with four titles: *Women and Social Policy: A Reader* ed. Clare Ungerson (£25 & £7.95); *Women and Crime* by Frances Heidensohn (£20 & £6.95); *Passbook Number F.47927: Women and Mau Mau in Kenya* by Muthoni Likimani (£20 & £6.95); *The Family in Question: Changing Households and Familiar Ideologies* by Diana Gittins (£18 & £5.95). All a bit on the pricey side, perhaps, for books aiming to be 'suitable for students, academics and researchers but also accessible to a broader general readership'.

There are a couple of new books out by *NS* reviewers: *The British and the Grand Tour* by historian Jeremy Black (Croom Helm, £19.95) and *Restless Bones: The Story of Relics* by the Revd Dr James Bentley (Constable, £9.95). (The latter suggests a mini-fashion all of its own, finding a partner in David Sox's *Relics and Shrines* (Allen & Unwin, £12.95).) And accidentally cut out of last week's list of forthcoming books was Joan Smith's *Clouds of Deceit: The Deadly Legacy of Britain's Bomb Tests* (Faber, £8.95 & £4.95).

Gillian Wilce

MUSIC

For all the family

Charles Fox

Political urgency wasn't absent from last weekend's London Festival of Black Music; but mainly there was gospel, reggae, soul, blues and dancing in the aisles

SATURDAY TURNED OUT to be a day few Londoners could celebrate. But, if there was turmoil on the streets of Brixton, amity prevailed eight or nine miles northward. Indeed, one of the pleasing aspects of both Friday and Saturday at this GLC-sponsored festival was the sizeable turnout of black Londoners. Apart from occasional events in the past, like the early visits by James Brown, black artists appearing outside the black communities have attracted a disappointing level of support.

But the Wembley Arena, viewed from the upper tier, gave the impression of being around 40 per cent black. And, if whites seemed to have come singly or in pairs, entire black families — husband, wife and tottering offspring — were not uncommon: a fact which confirms the truth that participation, rather than the aural equivalent of voyeurism, is one of the essential elements within what must loosely be described as black music.

Whenever the music provided an excuse, eight young girls in the row directly in front of your reviewer were on their feet in a trice, swaying and swivelling in partnership with the

Flouncing Chaka Khan. . .

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. . .gangling Stanley Clarke

rhythm. There was no provision for dancing, yet remaining seated was not essential. Which helps to explain why, as well as being largely functional, black music relies upon rhythm as a central discipline. The rhythmic strategies of African, Afro-American and Caribbean musics may all be very different but the pulse is primal. It has also meant a large degree of conservatism in the forms and methods, an emphasis upon tradition rather than innovation.

Nothing really revolutionary has happened in Afro-American music, for instance, since the 1950s. That was when two basic genres, blues and gospel, got fused into 'soul' — or 'funk' as it was originally and indelicately labelled. Since then the tilt has been more and more towards the baroque approach of gospel singing, ecstatic elaboration rather than the stoic minimalism of the best blues. **Chaka Khan** may flounce across the stage like a kewpie doll, frock and stiletto heels straight out of *Come Dancing*, her two supporting singers simulating the aerobics of black show business, but as soon as Khan launched into a solo cadenza, uncoiling her voice, she was reflecting what has gone on at camp meetings and in store-front churches all over America. A pity, therefore, that the acoustical hazards of the big arena reduced most of Chaka Khan's singing to a shrill monotone, lacking dynamics. Her chats to the audience between numbers were equally indecipherable.

Not so, however, the act which came immediately beforehand. Like Chaka Khan, **Third World** got under way at the start of the 1970s, but the band has built upon the basics of reggae, constructing something more ambitious and more subtle. On an occasion less aware of happenings on the streets, the political lyrics might have seemed dutifully rhetorical. As it was they stayed aloof from hysteria ('African, Chinese, white, blues sisters/Don't you know you got the power?') while providing a context, a reminder of unpalatable realities. The set concluded with a total surprise, the guitarist quitting his instrument to bow zestfully on a cello against a synthesised symphonic background: scarcely an aesthetic breakthrough, but an expert piece of theatre.

Jazz-funk had occupied most of Friday evening — apart from a set by **Junior Giscombe**, a young British soul singer. **Ronnie Laws** summoned up echoes of Coltrane on his soprano saxophone, also partnering his sister Debra, who sang a few numbers. The blues surfaced, sounding genial rather than sorrowing, in **Hugh Masakela**'s trumpet playing (Masakela, after all, once worked alongside the pianist Dollar Brand in a South African group, The Jazz Epistles). But, in general, judged by the highest standards, the

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jazz playing tended to be facile, a matter of striking attitudes, creating effects.

This was epitomised by the series of duets by **Stanley Clarke** and **George Duke.** The CVs of both men are impressive: Clarke has played bass or bass guitar with Horace Silver, Stan Getz, Gil Evans and Chick Corea before co-leading the group Return to Forever; Duke has worked or recorded with Dizzy Gillespie and Cannonball Adderley as well as playing in Frank Zappa's original Mothers of Invention. But when he prowls the stage, portable piano hanging from his shoulder, or, lips puckered close to the microphone, imitates — and with exactitude — both drum and string bass solos, Duke, a white suit emphasising his tubbiness, resembles nothing so much as an Oliver Hardy who has come to terms with the silicon chip. By contrast, Clarke seems gangling and spidery in shiny leather. The virtuosity of the two is unimpugnable, but comes across too brazenly, concocted to amaze and to overwhelm. □

ART

Dotted about the place

John Spurling

Howard Hodgkin
Whitechapel and *Tate*
Masterpieces of the Avantgarde and **The Sixties**
Juda Rowan, 11 Tottenham Mews, London W1

HOWARD HODGKIN was the British Council's choice to represent Britain in last year's Venice Biennale; the Arts Council gave him a retrospective at the Serpentine in 1976; he was a Trustee of the Tate from 1970-76 and is currently a Trustee of the National Gallery; he was awarded the CBE in 1977; he was in last year's short list for the Tate's Turner Prize and he is in it again this year. Fifty-one of his paintings from the last 12 years (including those that were shown in Venice) are inaugurating the refurbished Whitechapel Gallery and there is a concurrent exhibition of 25 of his recent prints at the Tate. Obviously, as far as officialdom goes, Hodgkin is one of the great and the good among contemporary artists and it is not hard to see why.

His paintings are both brightly coloured and well organised, suggesting luxury, exuberance and optimism without excess; they are semi-abstract with hints of figuration, but traditionally sized and shaped; they are also *about* something, though their subject-matter is not depicted so much as cryptically alluded to; they are harmonious, decorative and provided with many skilful and playful devices of space within space and frame within frame. Any of them would help furnish a room or an office and, since Hodgkin is a slow and fastidious worker, there's a queue of would-be customers.

A room is precisely what they don't get at the Whitechapel. The gallery has been closed for two years for additions and improvements (a new lecture room, education room, café, an extra small gallery, etc.), but its two main galleries have not been substantially altered. Hodgkin's paintings are hung in a thin red line (red, as John McEwen points out in the catalogue, just predominates over blue in Hodgkin's work) round these two great white spaces. Downstairs, it is rather as if you were to see a play by Ayckbourn or Pinter in a Greek amphitheatre; upstairs, in the smaller gallery, the contrast is less stark, but it's still too much like walking round a catalogue. The general result is to emphasise the quiet, domestic character of Hodgkin's work and at the same time devalue it. The lack of large statements, the playing with patterns and framing devices, the cryptic subject-matter seem less virtues than inhibitions in this setting and the bright colours suggest boxes of sweets or posies more than the significant memories and passions they are meant to encapsulate.

The Tate's print gallery is a marginally kinder setting, if only for its lower ceiling. It is still too impersonal and the prints are still clapped on the wall in an uncompromising row, but here one can more easily enter the pictures one at a time and begin to enjoy their particular flavours: the cold dizziness of the 'Museum of Art' series, the sultry intimacy of 'Artist and Model', the screeching mayhem of 'Here we are in Croydon'. Hodgkin's paintings are essentially miniature sets — interiors or landscapes — infused with an event, rather than acting as backdrop to it. They are Proustian time-capsules requiring — like lyric poems densely packed with private references — close attention, sympathy and, for preference, a few outside clues (sometimes supplied by the titles) to the nature of the original event. To acclaim Hodgkin a major international artist and to hang him as if he were capable of commanding large spaces is to misunderstand and misrepresent those very qualities of jewelled civility and passionate restraint for which he was admired in the first place.

Annely Juda opened her first gallery in 1960, Alex Gregory-Hood his (the Rowan Gallery) in 1962. Three years ago they merged into the Juda Rowan Gallery and are now celebrating their joint and separate histories with an assortment of exhibits. Annely Juda, having specialised in Constructivist art — particularly that of the Russians — has a show on the top floor called **Masterpieces of the Avantgarde.** It contains indeed some fine works by Malevich, Rodchenko and Tatlin, but there are many odds and ends thrown in — by Balthus, Klee, Picasso and Moore among others — which make Norbert Lynton's scrupulous and scholarly discussion of Russian Modernism in the catalogue seem distinctly overdressed. The party, it turns out, was open to almost anybody who happened to be around, including two Mondrian look-alikes.

Bryan Robertson's catalogue introduction to **The Sixties** in the two galleries downstairs (*The Seventies* and *The Eighties* are to follow at monthly intervals, forming 'Three Decades of Contemporary Art') is cannier in devoting most of its space to biographies of the two gallery-owners. This exhibition is not, nor could it be in the space available, anything but a fragmentary glimpse of Sixties art and there is the additional problem that, whereas most of the original Rowan artists — Riley, Huxley, King and Denny among them — have the cool, expansive look of the best British abstract art of the Sixties, the Juda contributors seem much knottier and grittier, as if still hung over by the Fifties.

The whole affair, with its strange disparities of taste, time and intention, is slightly baffling to the outsider: how did these two proprietors with their wildly contrasting backgrounds — she a German Jewish refugee, he a Colonel of the Grenadier Guards — and evidently diverse interests contrive to merge? In retrospect the answer seems clear, clearer than it would have been from something smoother and better knitted: they share attitudes rather than tastes. Both are noted for their loyalty to and from their artists, both are enthusiasts for the individual work of art itself, primarily as an imaginative and expressive medium and only secondarily as a saleable commodity. But they might be wiser to avoid mixed shows in future. □

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FILMS

Dead 'n' alive

John Coleman

Pale Rider (15)
Warner; Classic, Oxford Street; ABCs Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads
Lifeforce (18)
Leicester Square Theatre
The Outcasts (15)
Gate, Bloomsbury

THOSE TO WHOM the Western is meat and drink have lately been on a starvation diet and it may well be that they will find nourishment in Clint Eastwood's **Pale Rider**, with the flinty Mr Eastwood once again occupying two saddles, as director and star.

As in his Leone-influenced extravaganza, *High Plains Drifter*, where he rode into town as an avenging Stranger returned from the grave, the impassively bankable hero of this one is a lone and anonymous shootist, sporting six ugly bullet-scars on his back (and, from these and subsequent dialogue, presumptively dead) and a dog-collar, which has all and sundry calling

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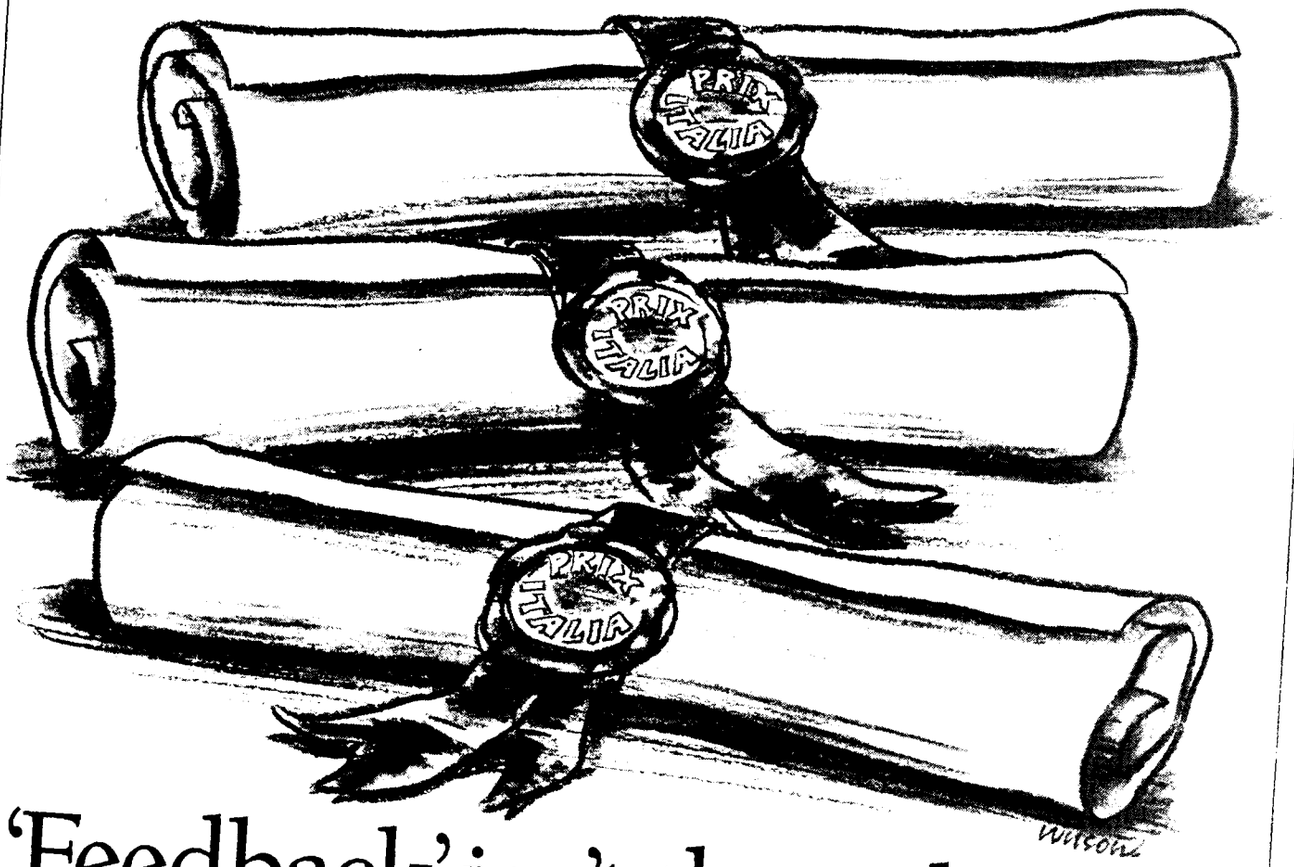

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him simply 'Preacher'. And preach, in a laconic fashion, he does, gently fending off a nubile girl's protestations of love with 'There's nothing wrong with that. If there were more love in the world, there'd probably be a lot less dying' and reassuring her, like some grizzled agony-aunt, that 'Some day a young man's going to come along, the right man . . .'. These toe-clenching platitudes leave one relieved he is so spare of speech.

Near a Californian company town, run by ruthless LaHood with his henchmen and hydraulic mining dredgers, is a small community hand-panning for gold in a canyon, their leader Hull (Michael Moriarty) hoping to marry Sarah (Carrie Snodgrass), whose husband deserted her. After an opening raid by a LaHood band, their hoof-thundering approach intercut nudgingly with peaceful shots of the canyon folk, Sarah's smouldering teenage daughter Megan (Sydney Penny) prays over her shot and buried dog for a miracle. Cue for Clint the Preacher to save Hull from a bad beating-up in town: 'there's nothing like a nice piece of hickory,' he drawls in a literal throwaway, discarding the axe-handle that has seen off a half-dozen roughs. Then Megan is reading from Revelations to mother ('Behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was death') and, at this second supernatural cue, both look up to see Clint looking down from the saddle, old indestructible hisself.

Death, too: there evidently isn't enough love in the world because by the time the Preacher rides off again (shades of *Shane*) he has left eleven corpses behind him, four of LaHood's hoods and the baleful out-of-town marshal and *his* lethal six specially imported by LaHood. This marshal has already recognised the mystery saviour from a description — 'His *eyes*: something strange about them' (expressionless?) — as a man he knows to be dead, and he gets six matching bullet-holes, plus a seventh through the forehead, in a last shoot-out that verges on the ridiculous: the marshal's goons in their long, matching dust-coats have all the menace of Keystone Kops. At once predictable and muddled, moralising and ritualistically violent, this pale rider to the last will and testament of the Western has good performances from the women and Mr Moriarty, plus moody location images, autumnal and snow-wintry, from Eastwood's favoured cinematographer Bruce Surtees. And Clint, of course — the ineluctable hit-and-myth Clint.

Tobe Hooper, worst known for *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, directs the S-F and horror-movie traffic of **Lifeforce** like an Italian cop who has lost his whistle, along with his sense of humour. Drawn and probably quartered from a Colin Wilson novel, this gauche and gigglesome gallimaufry envisages a US/UK spacecraft sent to observe Halley's comet and there encountering a 150-mile-long alien vessel with a vast, scaly umbrella at one end and trailing roots at the other, which further investigation shows chock-full of mummified bat-things and a trio of naked humanoids in glass containers. Coming down to Earth, an American commander — sole survivor — proves to be in telepathic rapport with the well-formed but ill-intentioned female (Mathilda May) of the also landed sleeping threesome,

Clint: the slowest drawl in the West

actually disguised vampires. Hideously disfigured bodies start crumbling or stalking the blazing streets of a bizarre London (Chancery Lane tube station, St Paul's blowing its top) while BBC announcers read the plaguey news in American accents and special effects do their damnedest to override the risible lines dished out to such as Peter Firth, Frank Finlay and Aubrey Morris. Batty.

Written and directed by Robert Wynne-Simmons, **The Outcasts** weaves a little authentic magic in its portrayal of a 19th-century rural Irish community fuddled with booze and superstition. Bedraggled Maura (Mary Ryan), generally ridiculed, meets feared, legendary fiddler Scarf Michael (Mick Lally) on night of a sister's wedding to son of a hostile family. When that marriage goes wrong, Maura is blamed. She persists, however, in plucking out reluctant Scarf's secrets, to a lost, rainswept, haunting end. Dreams and realities of drowning, a loose girl's lover transformed into goat, an eerie sound-track and an evocative use of landscape: these, and Ms Ryan's striking performance, bring Celtic fringe benefits to a tale I respected: but from a distance. □

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Dim Sum Hong Kong-born Wayne Wang's appealing mosaic portrait (with visual bows to Japanese master Ozu) of Chinese family in freshly observed San Francisco: widowed mother, unmarried daughter, cheery uncle. Touching, humorous, astringent, a young director's invitation to 'only connect'.

Witness Australian director Peter Weir in fine-tuned control of offbeat US thriller. Rugged but honest city policeman (Harrison Ford), grudgingly harboured from bent colleagues by time-warp Amish farmers, shares unconsummated love with Kelly McGillis's superb widow until the inevitable, estranging shoot-out.

The Purple Rose of Cairo Woody Allen's brilliantly faceted, sad-funny fantasy, as relevant to our depressed Eighties as its Depression Thirties. Actor in idiot movie descends from New Jersey screen briefly to woo movie-mad, downtrodden housewife, making chaos and whoopee. (Mia Farrow, Jeff Daniels).

THEATRE

Sound and fury

Benedict Nightingale

Othello
SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*
The Murderers
DANIEL MORNIN *Cottesloe*

BESIDE WHAT Ben Kingsley managed to do in *Edmund Kean* a year or two ago, his artistic aims at Stratford seem relatively modest. Then, he gave a pretty successful imitation of the greatest classical actor who ever lived performing some of the greatest moments of his greatest role, Othello. Now, he's been asked to be nothing more than the Moor himself — and, as it turns out, is sometimes rather less than the Moor one had confidently expected him to be. Where was the intensity of the jealousy his Kean briefly projected? Not there; or at least not there in the stomach, intestines, bowels and other such dark and gungy places.

Partly, it's deliberate. Kingsley presumably wanted to distance himself from the ferocious Edmund and, in any case, has interpreted Othello very differently. His intention isn't to flash and bang and produce the sort of effects that left Byron remarking that to see Kean was to read Shakespeare by lightning. It is rather to give us an Othello nearer the one so often invoked by modern critics: the sonorous and grandiloquent Moor, the blabbermouth Moor, the charismatic Moor who trustingly inhabits a world of glistening appearances — and is therefore peculiarly vulnerable to an honest-seeming villain like Iago.

You can see why Kingsley's Othello is endangered; you can also see why he's dangerous. He is, as literally as one may imagine so romantic a figure, a chivalric amir stepped out of the Arabian Nights, complete with white robes, shimmering gold vest and silver scimitar. That means that his attitude to his young wife is not merely un-Venetian, but shaped by Islam. When Desdemona is safely on her pedestal, he speaks of her with a devotion and possessive tenderness which, you feel, no one else in the play could match. But when he sees, or thinks he sees, cracks in the icon — well, religion and history propel him towards an action that might seem somewhat extreme to a Western mind, even a 16th-century one.

That may help explain why Kingsley is so much more impressive when he's asked to be lordly and authoritative than when the text invites him to be bitter or distraught or both. But explanation isn't justification. Wouldn't it be an insult to Islam, as well as a serious distortion of Shakespeare's play, to suggest that even very majestic Muslims don't personally feel what tribal honour tells them is right or wrong? Kingsley's performance, to be fair, is not so dispassionate and external as quite to imply that. He can, and does, weep and rage and choke and gasp for air and collapse on the ground, as the stage directions say he must collapse. But he could, and should, give more

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impression that the source of such behaviour is a broken heart, not just wounded pride. When Othello leaves Desdemona with the words 'goats and monkeys', he means that those animals are inside him, clawing and biting. The way Kingsley invokes them, he might be initiating a discussion of children's zoos. His lustrous sultan needs to be just a bit more Kean.

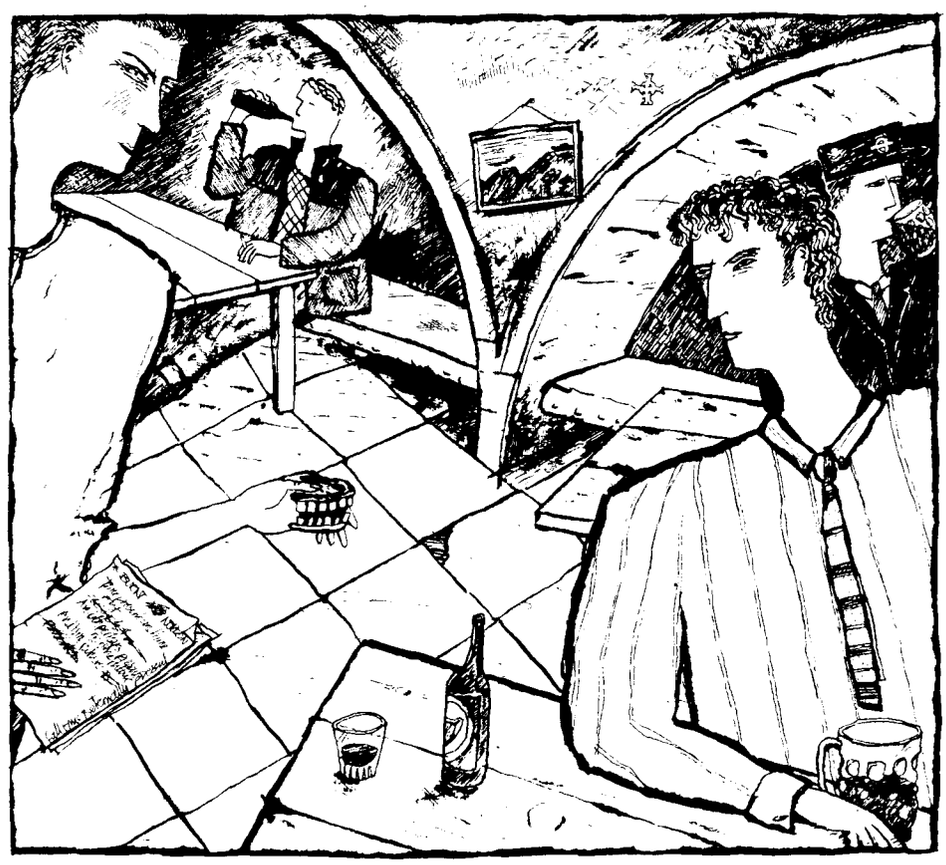
Terry Hands's production is more pacy than usual for the RSC, which seems refreshing and creates the odd grand and even sensational visual effect in the sleek and lofty black box in which it's set. But only when white lightning crackles across the stage, a vast cross trundles forward to swelling organ music and David Suchet's black-suited Iago exits through smoke, does it seem altogether over the top — or, indeed, openly to advertise the indecision at its core. Who is Iago? Are we to identify him with Satan, as this moment seems strenuously to suggest? Or are we to listen to the rather confusing evidence Suchet himself provides?

Early on, he seems to be emphasising Iago's resentment of Cassio, the foreigner promoted by Othello over his head. Indeed, so jealous does he seem both of him and of the Moor that his warning against the 'green-eyed monster' sounds almost as if it's aimed at himself. But there are other ingredients in the reading: a large dose of sexual disgust; the sudden suggestion that his wits are getting clogged; the occasional hint of half-acknowledged homosexual longings. These last presumably explain the eccentric ending, at which Suchet's Iago seems almost to want Kingsley's Othello to cut his throat instead of his own, and, so far from gloating over his corpse, reaches yearningly towards it.

Whether it adds up to a plausible character, or a convincing explanation of what Coleridge called Iago's 'motiveless malignity', I'm not sure; but Suchet is a powerful, confident actor and the performance certainly has its forceful and sombre moments. I also have the suspicion, based on experience of other transfers, that when it arrives in London next year the production may have deepened at the centre. Kingsley may be a bit superficial just now, Suchet a bit unsure. Two performers of their calibre can surely not work long together without discovering more within their relationship.

Probably the week's main news was the reopening of the Cottesloe with one of the ugliest and most candid plays about Ulster yet seen.

There's good reason for the very graphic slaughter of a naked Catholic by raging bully-boys in a stage sky-high with beer crates. It's meant to show, indeed *does* show, what even hard-line Prod leaders have to deal with when they contemplate the smallest accommodation with the traditional enemy. They must carry with them the animal life that gathers in the pubs and clubs: the drifters, the no-hopers, as well as the fully-convinced fanatics; the lads unable to achieve a sense of masculine identity except in group bitterness, group hatred, group violence. But is that enough? Is it just squeamishness on my part that says Daniel Mornin could have inhabited his characters more fully, explained them more thoroughly? I don't think so — but never mind. There'll be time for that in the plays that he will doubtless be giving us next. □



Nick Duffy

The platonic pub

Jeremy Lewis

IN THE LATE 1960s I used to spend as much time as I reasonably could in a pub under Piccadilly Circus called Ward's Irish House; and I became so attached to this unusual spot that, on particularly happy nights, I used to dream that I had been appointed its manager and was allowed into those mysterious vaults in which were stored enormous silver barrels of stout and outsize bottles of Jameson's whiskey.

Very often I would arrange to meet friends in Ward's during the lunch hour or after work, and my heart went out to those select few who shared my enthusiasm for its green and white lavatory tiles, stone floor, dripping, barrel-vaulted ceilings, faded red leather benches and ancient, somewhat stained sepia photographs of the Wicklow Mountains or the main street of Mullingar. Except for on Saturday nights in winter, when crowds of drunken football fans picked their ways unsteadily down the steep steps and sang those hideous dirges that are, I suppose, the nearest thing modern England has to genuine folk song, Ward's was a surprisingly mild and peaceful place in which to enjoy a ruminative pint. It was mercifully free of those twin banes of the modern pub, pounding music and clattering fruit machines, and its conversational clientele consisted of bus crews, red-faced Irish labourers in donkey jackets and mud-encrusted boots and the occasional publisher or literary man tucking into the regular lunch of boiled bacon and cabbage.

Perhaps its most colourful customer was a bibulous Irishman who had worked in the

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royalties department of Faber. The author of 'Tshombe's Lament' and a fine poem about his place of employment which began, as I remember, 'I don't give a jot/For Eliot,/For Auden/I don't give a damn', he achieved a brief celebrity when he was photographed in the *Sunday Times* clutching a pair of false teeth which, he claimed, had belonged to T.S. Eliot, and had been discovered by him among some yellowing papers in the basement in Russell Square.

Among the barmen, my particular friend was a large, pale-faced man from Tipperary; he was a keen reader, and always asked me about the books I was reading at the time. One day I happened to be clutching an excellent if rather gloomy novel called *The Sinner's Bell* by Kevin Casey. At the sight of its rather austere jacket the Man from Tipp became unusually animated. Of course he knew Kevin Casey, he cried: one of the most famous wrestlers in Ireland; this must be his autobiography, a book he had been waiting for years to read. In vain I tried to convince him that this particular Kevin Casey was very far from being a champion wrestler; he begged me to lend him the book — a sad story of marital frustration in the Irish Midlands the opening chapter of which was set in some seedy honeymoon hotel in Paddington — and put it carefully away on a shelf behind the bar for safe removal to Kilburn or Camden Town. I never saw *The Sinner's Bell* again, and from then on the Man from Tipp seemed less anxious to meet my gaze than in the innocent days of yore.

Now that Ward's no longer exists, I find it harder than I'd like to find a pub in central London that even partly approximates to that platonic ideal — compounded, I suspect, of illustrations from Dickens and English film comedies from the 1930s — that many of us frustrated pub-lovers carry about in the backs of our heads. Far too many pubs have been blighted by gentility or scruffiness or barbarity, and many by a horrid combination of all three.

During the late 1950s, the brewers evidently decided that the interests of those who had never had it so good would be best served by replacing the plain old-fashioned pub of flagstones and leather benches and dark-stained wood and yellowing, kippered ceilings with an uneasy simulacrum of the suburban 'lounge', replete with lurid swirly carpets, flock wallpaper, Spanish wrought iron, plastic flowers and mass-produced horse brasses from Taiwan. It was assumed that no self-respecting woman would set foot in a pub unless such refinements were made; and rather than allow this new, altogether more 'sophisticated' clientele to rest their drinks (or their elbows) on solid, four-square tables of a reasonable height, unsteady one-legged affairs were introduced, dainty enough to carry a rum-and-coke or a lager-and-lime and low enough to enable the old-fashioned type of customer, with his inconveniently obtrusive knees, to send the table and its contents flying with every movement of his limbs.

Before long, of course, the carpets began to wear thin and the brasses to loose their gleam; and to gentility was added the scruffiness that is all too common an attribute of the modern English pub. London pubs, like London streets, are a squalid refutation of the notion — still prevalent in my youth, and palpably untrue even then — that the English are a clean and tidy people, like the Germans or the Swiss. Most pub tables are, for the reasons I've given, permanently awash with beer: add a brimming ashtray or two, some discarded paper plates with remains of coleslaw and pork pie clinging to them and some screwed-up wrappers from crisps, peanuts or pork scratchings, and the perfect pub fades ever further from view.

The final touch of horror is provided by the bleep and crash of fruit machines and one-armed bandits and music played so loud as to make conversation quite out of the question once the eager customer has elbowed his or her way to the bar, bawled an order after a five-minute wait and fought a way back to the beer-stained table.

All is not lost, however. Wine bars have, to their credit, reminded us of the pleasures of simple decor and bare boards or flagstones underfoot; and some of the smaller brewers in particular have begun to realise that doilies, musak and one-armed bandits may not be the best way to the heart of the average pub-lover. The breweries are said to be preparing to spend some £2,000 million on giving pubs a facelift to tempt customers from wine bars and the lugubrious delights of a six-pack in front of the telly: if they have any sense, they will try to make sure that some of our pubs, at least, become once again places in which people can meet and talk and drink in peace. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams
Mumbo gumbo

WEARING HIS new upper-middle manner and sports jacket, Harold Pinter appeared on **Saturday Review** (BBC2) in the role of a writer who has caught a dose of politics late in life. John Tusa was sympathetic. How did it happen? 'Was there a final incident that triggered off this . . .?' Pinter tended to feel it was the military coup in Chile in 1973, engineered by the CIA, that told him he couldn't 'sit back'. 'Then there was the military coup in Turkey in 1980 about which the United States were also . . . very pleased. And which resulted in widescale torture and arrest.'

He met some Turkish girls who said, 'You have such an imagination'. 'I said, "Do you mean it's worse for me than them?" and they said "Probably. You see it's like a table with a pretty cloth and a flower. Under the table, mess, pain, excrement, vomit, blood".' Tusa, positioned dimly on top of the table in our house, didn't think a great deal of this metaphor. Did Pinter intend to write another 'similar' play? 'I have written a short sketch about nuclear bureaucracy, but it's difficult to go on doing these things because I already know what's going to happen in them.' This would indeed seem to be the trouble with an awakened liberal conscience in the body of a playwright. Tusa got it in writing: 'You mean because of your political consciousness you now know the outcome of a play and this vitiates the creative process?' 'Yes.' Unfortunately it was impossible to believe his assurances that 'I'm no longer much interested in myself as a playwright'. There was something willed, media-ridden, even schizoid about his assessment that, 'I've got an awful lot under my belt. It's no great loss.' If he does go on, let's hope the remains of his artistic judgment protect him from the eye-clawing literalness of David Edgar's *Maydays*.

Since viewing *Cajuns Face Oblivion*, the first in a four-part series on oppressed minorities (surely there are more than four?) on **Small World** (C4), I have had the great good luck to visit that wonderful part of South Louisiana for the annual festival of Cajun and Zydeco music in Lafayette, this year celebrating the 200th anniversary of the Cajuns' (French Acadians from Nova Scotia) final settlement in the area and I have seldom seen an oppressed minority in such unoppressed good form.

The film wasn't bad in a plodding, generalising sort of way, much like the slot's more recent essay on the Dai, a colourful south China people related to the Thais and suffering from much the same patronage from the Chinese. But what is interesting about the Cajuns is not so much their elaborate cuisine or the tradition of visiting outlying areas on horseback to obtain the ingredients for gigantic Mardi Gras gumbos, as the continuing excellence and variety of their music, currently the most imitated in America. This is a wondrous combination of French fiddle, German accordion and Creole blues which can encompass the gamut of human emotions and occasions in a way which modern wacka-wacka-hiss music long since gave up on.

The film got hung up in the way that films do — possibly in the editing room — on the recalcitrance of a certain guinea fowl which made a successful bid for a central position in Cajun folklore by persistently flying up into trees to avoid the traditional bloodthirsty attentions of a group of drunken 'revellers' in fancy dress. The result was that a film about an oppressed minority, failing to find much evidence for said oppression, became a film about an oppressed guinea fowl and the fate it met at the hands of atypical Cajuns.

There are currently two trends in the so-called Cajun Renaissance: what might be called the High, operatic or 'bughouse' approach, and the Low or folkloric reality of the matter. The film unfortunately ran into some advocates of the former, a group of 50 militant academics possessed of the notion that the whole splendid unruly mess can be 'saved' by making it respectable. These worthies want to translate Cajun songs into standard French and have them sung in the open-throated operatic style. They want to introduce standard French pronunciation into schools instead of encouraging the soft Spanish-African sound of Cajun. No one I met took these cream-puffs seriously. The great thing about Cajun music and its black off-shoot Zydeco is its racial blend of musical resilience.

Cajun is currently sweeping the musical scene in the States. Everyone wants to play it. (There are two English bands.) The word 'Cajun' has recently taken over from the debased 'Country' as the new commercial code-

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word for authentic, down-home and delectable — which it is. Given the dilapidated state of American music and cultural life in general this isn't surprising. The film made its final confession of confusion and ignorance by confidently closing with shots of Louisiana bayous accompanied by some rather synthetic-sounding Chilean nose-flute music. Surely there were enough record shops in those lovely, casual, chaotic towns strung out along the bayous and railroads of South Louisiana for someone to have stopped and picked up something by Nathan Abshire, Iry Le June or the first black Zydeco accordionist, Amadé Ardoin?

The day after the Brixton flare-up **Open Space** (BBC2) had a film of a black reggae band called Bloodfire Posse bringing some rather dubious MoR reggae to the inmates of Rochester Youth Detention Centre. 'Our aim in music is to break all barriers,' said the Posse. 'We're basically into high-tech music, computerised sound, which reggae has never been. We're trying to improve on reggae, to appeal to a wider section of People . . .' Now where have I heard that before?

'Breaking barriers' amounted to spelling and addition 'response' songs and a contest to see which side of the hall could sing flattest. Mmmm. The best part of the gig, which featured a goody-goody version of the *Pink Panther* theme, was the amazing backdrop in green, red and gold created by the inmates and taken away by the group afterwards. □

Naseem Khan

Striking effects

ONCE UPON A TIME, my dears, there was a bunch of moles. They had a pretty good life, peacefully moling away, chatting in the long evenings about mole history and battles in the olden days. Until, one day, news reaches them through their red squirrel leader, Scartha, that their old enemy, Margarella, has hatched new plans to get her wicked hands on their molefields. Will her plans succeed? Will she manage to clear out the moles and plant in each molefield a glistening Money Tree?

For 'moles', in case you haven't worked it out, read 'miners', for 'Scartha' 'Scargill', and so on. The story of their fight and the eventual discomfiture of Margarella when it's discovered that her Money Tree System (geddit?) has no roots is the stuff of the wittiest and most original book yet to come out of the miners' strike. Written by two Keighley warehousemen in their lunch hour (and illustrated by them, too, in full and splendid colour), its action takes place in Oakgrove and Cotton Wood, Margarella hovering overhead on her green goose (a 'proper gander' — not one of the better puns). In the drawers of her magic Cabinet are her furry minions: wild-eyed Weaseltine, the foreign MacGrey squirrel, his head constantly in a paper bag, the feeble rebel Hamster Heath and more. Little wonder, with this unedifying lot, it takes the femoles to foil their plans. To find out more about this skullduggery, read *Margarella, the Moles and the Money Tree* by Frank and Allan Bramah, not quite a fairy story for grown-ups and sharp-eyed children. Published by Yorkshire Art Circus at £4.50 (inc. p.p), 17 Linden Terrace, Pontefract WF8 4AE.

The aftermath of the miners' strike has seen a steady stream of books, plays, music, some of it the first work by people who would otherwise have never dreamed of putting their feelings down on paper. Any final history of the strike will have to take account of these. One of the best sources for any such book would be *The Heart and Soul Of It* (£4.10 inc. p.p. from Bannerworks, 9 Spinkfield Road, Birkby, Huddersfield), a vivid collection of photographs and interviews and poignant ephemera amassed and recorded by members of the Worsbrough Community Group. It provides a detailed working background to the way in which the strike was lived in one particular mining area of Yorkshire. It's not grand gestural stuff, and that's its strength. 'We are not pretending,' says the introduction soberly, 'that all went smoothly all of the time. From some of our observations it became clear that even when people are working together for a common cause, they cannot always agree!' Nor do they always get it right either. The year was a matter of finding out how the hell to do things and discovering their own strength. Fortuitously, the interviewing Worsbrough group were in Barnsley's Civic Hall Food Kitchen the day after the return to work was announced. 'One of the women,' they record, 'stood up and said, "It's been a pleasure meeting you all and I just hope that we don't lose this friendship". Someone said, "Don't start, you'll have us all crying".' So they sliced up a gateau and opened some bottles of wine and sang a bit instead.

Not all the products of the strike speak so strongly or so successfully out of real life. Phil McHugh's photographs in *Unfinished Business* (£3.34 inc. p.p. from Acorn Press, 240 Water St, Accrington, Lancashire) are telling, affectionate records of miners' faces, their wives, children and supporters. But the layout and production don't live up to the pictures. And the decision to caption each one with a phrase — often a trite one — from campaigning speeches is a mistake.

West London's Media Workshop's new 65-minute video is a compilation of different tapes. 'Supporting the Miners' itself brings together three tapes made during the strike by women's support groups, Black People's Delegation and Lesbians and Gay Men Support the Miners Group: talking heads mainly, with bits of picket footage. 'Scotland After the Strike', the longest, postdates the strike and includes interesting material on petty harassment in the mines, though it could have done with being shorter. The third, 'The Fight Goes On', brings the argument back to the main theme — continue the support groups, fight for reinstatement, prepare for the next strike. Available for hire or sale from West London Media (118 Talbot Road, London W11), these are technically rougher than, for instance, earlier campaign tapes put together by Platform films. At times speakers are hard to hear because of simple things like locations with too much traffic. It is not a matter of doctoring images, just presenting one's cause with maximum effectiveness.

No reservations however about *Which Side Are You On?*, an LP bringing together songs and music that emerged in the North-East in support of the miners that quite takes your breath away with its energy and sense of sheer celebration. There are old songs and new on it — from Mike Elliott's splendidly barbed 'Miner's Friend' to Tyneside People's Choir's full-blooded 'Red Flag'. And there are new versions of old songs: of Ewan MacColl's 'Daddy, what did you do in the strike' from the Country Pickets, of Woody Guthrie's 'Going Down the Road' from Red Music. Red Music is also responsible for one of the best tracks, a haunting arrangement of an 1812 Newcastle ballad 'Byker Hall and Walker Shore'. Folk music, country music, labour history, *Which Side Are You On?* turns the events of the year into part of a long, old and honourable working-class history, and is worth a thousand speeches. It is available (£5 inc. p.p.) from Which Side Records, 23 Brighton Grove, Newcastle upon Tyne NE4 5NS. All proceeds go to Women Against Pit Closures. □

Weekend competition

No 2893 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

It's a pity that W.C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman confined themselves to the history of Britain. Readers might like to rectify matters by writing a *1066, And All That* of France, Italy, the USSR, Australia, the USA . . . Extracts of max. 150 words by Thursday 17 October.

No 2890 **Set by May Day**

Verse replies to the question 'Who does he/she think he/she is?' ▷

COAL NOT DOLE
Videos of the Strike

The Northern Film & TV Archive are currently publishing a catalogue of video tapes produced by independent film and video makers in solidarity with the miners during the 1984-85 strike.

Of the 35 video tapes listed in the catalogue, 15 are available for hire or sale from the Archive itself. The others can be obtained directly from the producers (addresses and telephone numbers supplied).

Also in the catalogue are lists of contacts for photographic collections/exhibitions, books and plays about the strike.

If you would like to order a copy of the catalogue, to hire or buy the video tapes, or to get more information contact: Belinda Williams, The Northern Film & TV Archive, 36 Bottle Bank, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear, NE8 2AR. Tel: 091477 3601.

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Report **By Babe Bio**

Bril! Wicked! Stupenders! And abowt time too, if I may say so. Alison Prince went rite OTT (we arsked for verse, not *poetry*, Al) but twelve quid each to the peeple below and a Pet Hate efejy (sorry — but see page 4 and you'll understand that theirs nothing I can do to prevent it) to the best 20 entries in all.

'Who does he think he is?' they say;
Who do I think I am?
Ronald Reagan is my name,
Acting used to be my game,
Till I found a way to greater fame
(You can call me Uncle Sam).

'Who do you think you are?' they ask;
Who do I think I am?
I'm the leader of the USA,
The guy that'll blow those Reds away
(I swear if I'd been JFK
I would have nuked Viet Nam).

RON RUBIN

He/She

Return to its sender this slur on my gender:
I'm Georgy, I'm Porgy, I'm pudding and pie;
I'm only a crooner who fills a lacuna
With very fresh ego, and glint in my I.

No clothes are as gorgeous as any Boy George's:
You ought to be taught, it's a matter of fact,
This terrible vexing that goes into sexing —
What wearisome queries! How lacking in tact!

Want something to write on? Then read Enid Blyton:
Her lively young Five had a member like me
And no one would censure her love of adventure,
Nor he/she her style and her tomperson glee!

WILL BELLENGER

I am the modern Yankee necromancer.
I am the dude who's got the most *cojones*.
I am the scourge of *mauvaise foi* and cancer.
I am the Nemesis of fags and phonies.
Get this: I am the greatest living writer.
I am the King of Brooklyn and Manhattan.
I am an outlaw, father, lover, fighter.
I set the hipster's existential pattern.
Don't mess with me or you'll regret it, asshole,
I've got more clout that Ahab on his whaler.
I'll murder anyone who gives me hassle,
Or my name isn't Norman Kingsley Mailer.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Margaret Thatcher

On Monday I'm Harold Macmillan,
Oozing elegance, polish and wit.
For Questions next day I prepare for the fray
By assuming the mantle of Pitt.
On Wednesday I'm Otto von Bismarck,
A remarkable fit, all in all,
Then for Thursday's debate I'll be Catherine the Great
And on Friday I'm General de Gaulle.
By Saturday morning I'm Wellington;
We share a most ferrous affinity.
But on Sunday I find it's such bliss to unwind
And just be myself — the Divinity.

NOEL PETTY

For Chrissake button up yer lip!
I couldn't give a damn
What any lousy Limey drip
Decides I *think* I am!

They say at Queens four-letter words
Are 'vulgarly provoking'.
They've asked me to resign, the turds!
They must be joking!

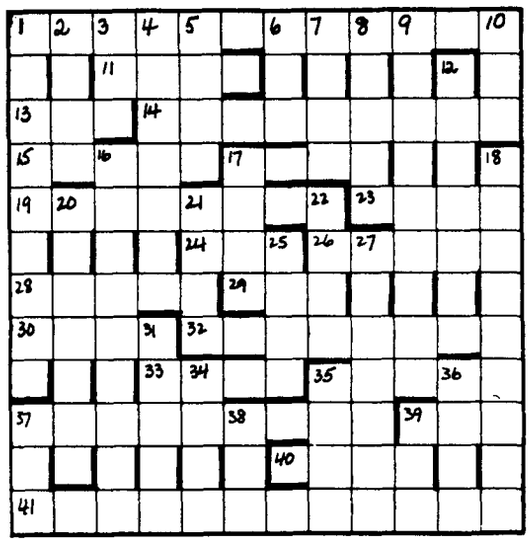
The critics say I'm past my best.
Those shits all slay me.
So let some bastard try the test:
Step out and play me!

NATALIA GRANA

Salamanca 99

'Never!'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 99, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 29 October.



The unclued answers, mostly consisting of more than one word either separately or correctly linked and two of them containing abbreviations, come from the same source and their unchecked letters give OUR 'ERO: "HARK! THE CAT!" All answers where relevant conform to the statement made by 41.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

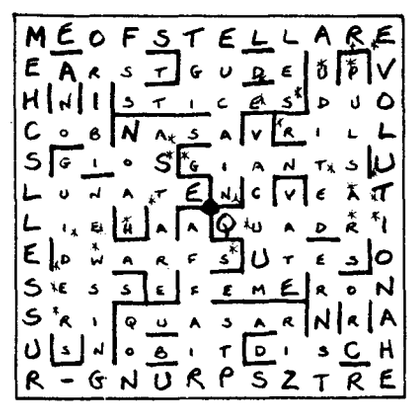
ACROSS

11 This decree holds force in writing till one reverses it (4)
13 Most certainly no longer deaf (3)
14 41? Could be among RN lads (half of them anyway) (3 words, 9)
15 Circle with rocky shore etc.: may be it's easy to get out of it (5)
17 Take time to go on the tide? (4)
19 Classic historian: churl apt to appear in translation (8)
23 'Gracious' girl in dance (4)
24 Call on offspring (3)
26 Parts of navigation system for guiding clubs caught in choppy sea (5)
28 Stopped in Scotland one time with a girl (5)
30 Having strong desire, without first essentials: this about describes one? (4)
33 A mature saying (4)
35 The old winding course turning right before turning back again (5)
39 You'ld see this emerging from edges of flames, unscathed mostly (3)
40 Plaything: you'll have confusion for time if this goes off! (4)

DOWN

2 Theatre: that may give you moue (4)
4 Like a worker I go to work with negotiable rate (7) . . .
5 . . . certainly no longer receiving hint of rise in earnings (4)
6 Stage set showing bows of *our* ship? (3)
7 Round and not completely ineffectual: the shape of things to come perhaps? (4)
10 A strip of leather, scored (3)
12 Song and dance? (A good bit of dance and song's about right) (7)
17 Bird lacking energy for migration (4)
18 He's good at answering each question and names it right getting mark as is proper? (9)
20 A lirtle misprint like this? (7)
21 An integral part of feasting? (4)
25 Like ship or stage too, framing sea, say? (4)
27 Golly! Exotic ware in hold: cargo of Quinquereme (7)
31 Re —, here's one in Turkey of mixed kind (5)
34 With which to find (when at sea, we hear) one submerged (4)
35 Mythological and heroic on a grand scale, not soft but active (4)
36 Elected council in foreign country (not Iran, perhaps?) (4)
37 Massive flier able to lift large volume (3)
38 Commotion caused by short blast on horn (3)
39 Young leader in fragment of old military (3)

Solution to Salamanca 98



Ra & Sol (suns) are omitted from answers in 'A Hertzsprung-Russell Scheme of Stellar Evolution' which charts the birth, life and death of a star, hence the title. Starred areas of the diagram give Super-, Red-,& Gas- (giants), T Tauri, Sun (at the centre), White-& Red-(dwarfs), with pulsars and quasar, all stages along the Main Sequence.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 98

Paul Henderson (Darlington), Mrs S. Northcott (Richmond), M.A.L. Willey (Leeds)
These winners, and 27 other lucky entrants to S98, will also receive a Pet Hate effigy (see p.4).

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PROMOTION IN RECREATION

Up to £12,160 pa.

As part of its continued drive to develop, promote and maximise the potential of its extensive outdoor sports and recreational facilities, Southampton, a leading tourist and conference city, is seeking a new Recreational Promotions Manager to spearhead this growing area of activity.

Particular emphasis will be placed on personal motivational skills and management of staff and manual employees, as well as your innovative approach to this challenging field of activity.

As well as promotion, a key element of the function is the efficient management of the activities under the postholder's control and to this end, we shall be seeking someone who, as well as holding an appropriate professional qualification, can demonstrate proven creative and managerial ability allied to at least 3 years relevant experience.

The post carries a casual user car allowance, for which possession of a full driving licence is essential, and consideration will be given to the provision of temporary housing accommodation in certain circumstances. Up to £1,750 may be available towards resettlement expenses together with actual cost of removal and temporary lodging allowances in approved cases.

For an application form, job description and other details please write or telephone Sue Templeton, Leisure Services Department, Room 312, Civic Centre, Southampton. Telephone: (0703) 832714 (Direct line).

Closing date: 18th October 1985.

Southampton CITY

Your application will be judged solely on its merits irrespective of race, marital status, sex, sexual orientation, age, religion or disability.

An equal opportunity employer

Arts and Entertainment in Greenwich

The Arts and Entertainments Section which is based in Woolwich are looking for two people with energy and initiative to join a team that organises and promotes over six hundred events a year, including the annual Greenwich Festival.
Greenwich has a population of 216,000, of which 13 per cent is unemployed. It's a multi-racial area and has all the characteristics of an Inner London borough. A sympathetic approach to the Borough's policy is important, and familiarity with the area would be helpful.

Arts Worker (Community)

£9,636-£10,248

You will play an important part in the development of a community arts strategy in line with council policy. This will involve working with local people and existing community arts organisations, providing advice and support, and encouraging new initiatives.

You must have at least two years' good experience of community arts work (waged or unwaged), be familiar with funding sources, and be able to talk effectively to all kinds of people. You must have a practical approach, coupled with the ability to write clear reports, meet deadlines, work in a team, and run special events.

Arts Assistant (Light Entertainment)

£8,577-£9,354

Your job wil be to plan, book and run a wide range of arts and entertainments events throughout the community. You'll also have special responsibility for meeting the particular needs of children, the elderly and the disabled — although that's not all you'll be asked to do.

You'll need to have a wide knowledge and experience of art forms, perhaps with one particular specialism relevant to a multi-cultural environment, and put this knowledge into practice in responding to the needs of the community. You'll have a minimum of two years' experience in organising arts events and projects, whether waged or unwaged. We are looking for someone who is numerate and can work well within a team.

Candidates for both jobs should be willing to work evenings and weekends (at an appropriate rate of pay). A current driving licence is essential and access to a car would be useful. An essential car user's allowance is payable and a car purchase loan is available for both posts.

Application form from Chief Executive, London Borough of Greenwich, Peggy Middleton House, 50 Woolwich New Road, Woolwich, SE18 6HQ. Tel: 01-854 8888 Ext. 2034.
Closing date: 18 October 1985.

The Council positively welcomes applications from women, ethnic minorities and disabled people.

GREENWICH
People and Services First

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APPOINTMENTS

SOUTHWARK TRADES COUNCIL
needs a

HEALTH CAMPAIGN WORKER

for five months. To work with local hospital trade unionists/health campaigns in two health districts covering Southwark. Hospital trade union experience essential. Based at the **Southwark Trade Union Support Unit.**

Salary approx. **£11,000** p.a. (SO1 local Government conditions pro rata).

Send CV, reasons for applying, etc. to:

Southwark Trades Council
42 Braganza Street
London SE17 3RJ

Closing date: 11 **October 1985.**

Southwark Trades Council is an equal opportunity employer.

YEMEN ARAB REPUBLIC

CIIR's programme in North Yemen consists of two primary health care projects, one based in the town of Abs on the North Tihama coastal plain and the other in Raymah, a rural mountainous region. We now need two workers:

PROGRAMME COORDINATOR

To provide administrative support for the two CIIR teams, to liaise with local and national health authorities, to monitor the current programme and to evaluate requests for new workers. Admininstrative skills, overseas experience and some knowledge of Arabic would be desirable qualifications (language training can be provided). 2-year contract.

WOMEN'S LITERACY RESEARCHER

To research the feasibility of a literacy programme which would allow women more access to information, particularly related to health. Fluent Arabic is essential. The researcher must be female. 1-year contract, based in Raymah.

CIIR provides contracts on British Volunteer Programme terms, including return flights to Britain, salary, pre-departure briefing, various allowances, insurance etc.

CIIR

For further details please send your CV and large sae to: **Denis Hawes, CIIR Overseas Programme, 22 Coleman Fields, London N1 7AF,** quoting ref. N/STAT/5.

CO-OPERATIVE BUSINESS SERVICES

MANAGER/ESS

required to set up and run a new business service agency to provide commercial services, with the emphasis on marketing, primarily to worker co-operatives in South Yorkshire. The successful applicant will be responsible for supervising three other staff at offices in Sheffield and Barnsley and will be expected to have experience of marketing, administration and support the principle of workers' control through co-operatives.

Further particulars and application form (which must be returned by **16 October 1985**) from:

South Yorkshire Business Services, Palatine Chambers, 22 Pinstone Street, SHEFFIELD S1 2HN.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

FREELANCE DESIGNER needed

for the Marketing and Promotions department of a small group of magazine publishers and distributors. I need someone with tremendous flair and imagination *plus* the ability to work to a tight brief. You will also need vast reserves of energy, total reliability and a real interest in using design as a means of getting a message across. *Tall order, huh?*

Please write, enclosing samples of your work, to Andrew Ryan, NS Publishing, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

Please mention NEW STATESMAN when replying to advertisements

CENTRE FOR LOCAL ECONOMIC STRATEGIES
Heron House, Albert Square, Manchester M2 5HD.

New Centre

INFORMATION OFFICER £12,885-£14,025 (4)

This new centre is being established in Manchester by a number of local authorities to assist and complement their economic initiatives. The Centre's activities will include major research, seminars, conferences, a regular journal and newsletter on the development of local authority economic initiatives in both private and public sectors. A major function will be to provide information on local economic initiatives to member authorities, trade unions, community groups and research workers.

We are looking for an **Information Officer** with the experience, skills and commitment to establish this new national information service. While local authority experience is not required, the officer will be expected to have a good appreciation of the information needs of progressive local authorities in the field of economic development. Experience of collecting, indexing and abstracting from a wide range of economic and social material is required. Some experience of the application of new technology to bibliographic and statistical database management is highly desirable.

RESEARCH PROPOSALS

The Centre is currently developing its research programme on local authority economic initiatives. Short-term funding (3-6 months) is available for a small number of projects directly related to the development of local economic strategies in both the public and private sectors. For information please write to the address below.

Application forms and further details are available from the **Finance and Administration Manager, c/o Family Housing Association, Warwick Gate House, Warwick Road, Manchester M16 0DD. Please mark envelopes "CLES". Closing date 21 October 1985.**

The Centre for Local Economic Strategies is an equal opportunities employer and positively welcomes applications from women, members of ethnic minorities and people with disabilities. *All posts are open for job sharing.*

The Labour Research Department

needs a

RESEARCHER

Computer programming experience essential

The job involves research in collective bargaining and all aspects of wages and conditions, as well as programme writing and maintenance for the department's wages database, subscriptions records and company information service. As well as programming experience a knowledge of, and commitment to, the trade union movement is essential.

Salary: **£10,176.**

Please send written applications including a full CV and the names of 2 referees to: **The Secretary, Labour Research Department, 78 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 8HF,** to arive no later than **18 October.**

TELEVISION OPPORTUNITY. Small, but brilliant creative team, capable of making television programmes that awaken and inspire, as well as entertain, required to turn a highly original concept into a scripted comedy series for a world wide market. Respondents must possess: powerful imagination, self confidence, acting ability, interest in the supernatural, a warm heart, a streak of insanity and total commitment. Please send a recent photograph and a brief hand-written resumée of your background, qualities, interests and aspirations. Ted Kelly, 3 Kent Yard, Rutland Gardens, Knightsbridge, London SW7 1BP.

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THE TYPING POOL a women's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc. from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-430 0381.

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SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

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DAILY NANNY required, experienced, for cousins Emma, 22 months and Jack, 5 months. Call 01-241 0251 anytime.

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WEST WALES: stone 1834 modernised warm house. Not isolated. Beautiful countryside near sea. OS Sheet 146, grid ref. 635 622. £35,000. Full details: Herbert 097423 618.

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IN A LOCAL VOLUNTARY OR COMMUNITY ORGANISATION

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Candidates will be interviewed in **November** at the **Co-operative College, near Loughborough.**

Further details available from:

The Principal, The Co-operative College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics LE12 5QR.

HOLIDAYS/ TRAVEL

CHEAPEST FARES. Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

MALAGA FOR £25. Return portion of ticket available, valid until 24 Oct. Phone 01-834 2255 ext. 218, or 0223 249831 (home).

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911.

PEKING (7 days) & via MOSCOW (3 days) £780. Out plane, back train. 2-21 Nov. Includes first class hotels & full programme.

KIEV or **MOSCOW** by train. £190. 2-12 Nov (celebrations of October revolution), 22 Dec.-1 Jan. Theatres in full blast.

TASHKENT & SAMARKAND £325. 22 Dec.-5 Jan. See the superb city centres built by Tamerlane

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TBLISI £220. 22 Dec-5 Jan. By rail with sleeping berth to visit the capital of Georgia. Includes full board & programme.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Tel: 0484 24269

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sunday 6 Oct. 8 p.m. 'The Challenge of Theosophy'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also review copies. Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

REVIEW COPIES *and other books in fine* condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

ACTIVE, ENERGETIC female gourmet (53), thoughtful, if honest, wishes to meet cheerful, intelligent, kind male. Northern region. Box (40)1573.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstances, for warm friendship/ enjoyments. Pref. London/surrounding areas. Box (40)1587.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man, 58, seeks warm, attractive woman, any race/circumstance, to 48 approx. London and surrounds. Box (39)1521.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL woman, fortyish, seeks university qualified man, 40-60, to share warm, caring relationship. Let's snuggle up with the New Statesman. Box (38)1477.

BRISTOL AREA: attractive woman, forties, professional background, would like to meet professional man, similar age. Box (40)1572.

CARIBBEAN INTELLECTUAL, 39, is desirous of meeting an unattached, sophisticated female, preferably in education, Law or Sociology. Other professional women are also welcome. Race immaterial. Box (40)1608.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DIVORCEE (44), greying, still alive, kicking in Scotland, resident son (17), demanding job, weedy allotment. Missing a kind, humorous, optimistic, unattached man for companionship. Ints: arts, outdoors, food. Box (40)1609.

EDINBURGH. MALE, 52, separated div./pending, non-smoker, non-drinker, young appearance, seeks socialist female interested in painting, collecting, music. Please send photograph. Confidence assured. Box (40)1601.

IF YOU are young, female, attractive, love life, bluebell woods, enjoy organic gardening, tennis, squash, golf, log fires, snooker, good food, wine, music, books, etc. Contact Andrew: Box (39)1514.

LECTURER SEEKS woman (40 to 45), interested in feminist or Labour history, for brain-storming and recreation, (east of Aldgate). Box (40)1575.

LEFT-WING CHRISTIAN woman (26), would like to meet a like-minded man, hopefully, for a lasting, caring relationship & maybe marriage. London. Box (40)1568.

LIFE-LOVING MAN, detached, mid-forties, varied interests and pursuits, seeks the friendship of an intelligent, imaginative woman. NW England or beyond. Box (40)1571.

LIVELY MINDED, 46 year-old divorced woman, interests politics and books, looking for a male companion, who is sincere and genuine. East Midlands. Box (40)1570.

MALE 35, in boring marriage, seeks lady — possibly similar, age immaterial, for occasional sensual meetings to brighten the day. Birmingham/W. Midlands. Box (40)1574.

MALE COMPANIONSHIP sought by 40+ female. I'm salaried, slim, lively, non-smoking, Oxford graduate. No ties. Interested music, travel, cooking, Guardian crossword. Box (40)1603.

MALE, FIFTYISH, lecturer, divorced, Theosophist, seeks female thirtyish-fortyish. Prefer teacher SE Counties. Box (40)1569.

PEACE-LOVING GRADUATE writer/single mum, 38. London based until 1987 move (escape) to country living/growing. Vegetarian; bookworm; interested Eastern philosophy. Seeks gentle soulmate. Box (40)1605.

PRESENTABLE, CULTURED, humorous, middle-aged man, with some ties, seeks similar woman. Box (40)1567.

SOUL-MATE. If you are an intelligent, articulate woman, 35-45, in London, seeking a caring and committed relationship, and if you are non-smoking, tallish and very attractive, then please write with a photograph to your potential soul-mate. Box (40)1600.

STYLISH, FAIRLY AFFLUENT, responsive, good looking divorcee, seeks successful business/professional man (50+), with drive, energy, charm, humour to share interesting, varied lifestyle. Box (40)1598.

TALL, SLIM, good-looking man, 41, compassionate, gentle, lively, randy, non-smoker. Tied in unsatisfactory marriage, with a wife's blessing to seek slim, attractive woman. Herts. Box (40)1607.

UNATTACHED MALE graduate, with a few socialist principles intact, despite approaching 30th birthday seeks non-smoking woman, early to mid 20s, with a sense of humour, for drinks, meals, laughs. London/Kent. Box (39)1516.

VERY ATTRACTIVE feminine graduate, 43, discerning, warm, sensuous, seeks lasting love of tall, interesting, sincere, affluent professional/businessman. Marriage possible. London area. Box (40)1606.

VISTA, Simply a nice way for single, separated, divorced or widowed people to meet new friends/partners. Brochure: 01-272 1414.

WARM, LOVING, SENSUAL FRIENDSHIP being looked for by John (36) — warm, affectionate, gentle, imaginative, lively — with new women friends. Also walks, dance, cinema etc. Inner/S. London/N. Surrey. Informative letter (and photo?), please. Box (40)1604.

WEST LONDON Scotsman, graduate, single, 31, seeks warm, intelligent lady, to help him face up to winter. Likes: cats, food, music, books, etc. Box (40)1602.

WINCHESTER OR NEAR. Single woman, 54, Liberal voter, graduate, good listener, seeks women friends (perhaps unattached male!), for outings/interesting conversation. Interested art, likes countryside. Box (40)1526.

Heartsearch & Pursuits

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AGENDA

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

FRI 4 OCT

CAPITAL READING SEMINARS (C.R.S.) 'The Politics of Das Kapital' Speaker: Peter Binns, Lect in Philosophy at Warwick University and the Editor of *International Socialism*. 7.00 1st Floor, Bloomsbury Tavern, 236 Shaftesbury Ave., London WC2. Nr Tube: Tottenham Court Rd., & Holborn.

SUN 6 OCT

LONDON JEWISH Socialist Group meeting: 'Is the Soviet State Antisemitic?' With Stephen Shenfield (Editor Detente) 7.46 p.m. Details, venue Charlie (01-673 4622) Michelle (01-587 1506).

MON 7 OCT

'BENEATH THE WHITE COAT': seminars on science and politics organised by the **British Society for Social Responsibility** in Science. This week *Tim Lang*, Director, London Food Commission: MASS FOOD, MASS POLITICS. 8 p.m. Adam's Arms, Conway Street, London W1. (tube: Warren Street).

WEALTH & RESPONSIBILITY. A Series of 5 Lectures at St James's Church, Piccadilly. Mondays at 1.10 p.m. In a society where there is a growing conciousness about poverty, urgent questions arise about how those who create wealth see their responsibilities and exercise their stewardship.
All the speakers take the trusteeship of their wealth with great seriousness.
This week: **Roger Gewolb**, Financier & Managing Director of the Investors Lease Management Group, **'The Responsibilities of Wealth'**. Please contact Lyn Austin on 01-734 4511 for details.

WED 9 OCT

ST JAMES'S CHURCH, PICCADILLY. Divided Britain: Our North/South Problem. A Major Lecture Series, Wednesdays at 1.05 p.m. ***Peter Wood***, *Director of Development* & Planning, 'Agenda for Merseyside'. Details: 01-734 4511.

THURS 10 OCT

THE BRITISH LIBRARY National Sound Archive Autumn Lectures. Professor Eric Mottram on Ezra Pound. Venue: 160 Wardour Street, W1. Tickets: £2/£1 from The National Sound Archive, 29 Exhibition Road, SW7 2AS.

IS THATCHER RUNNING OUT OF STEAM

Red Rose Club, 129 Seven Sisters Road, N4. 8 p.m.

Stuart Hall, co-author *Thatcherism* & Sarah Benton, deputy editor *New Statesman* (in personal capacity).

Islington Marxism Today Group

SAT 12 OCT

HEALTH ACTION CONFERENCE. Friends Meeting House, 25 London Road, High Wycombe. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Speakers include: Alan Dalton, Maryrose Tarpey, Keith Jerrome. Details: Paul Burnham (0494) 22085.

PSYCHOANALYSIS and its Applications: Theory in Clinical Practice and the Humanities. Venue: Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Square, WC1. Time: 2-5 p.m. Admission: £1.

FRI 18 OCT

NATIONAL COALITION FOR NEIGHBOURHOODS 'What price the Neighbourhood' at Birmingham Council House, Victoria Square, Birmingham. A one day seminar on neighbourhood care schemes and decentralisation. Further details from N.C.N. c/o 8/9 Upper Street, Islington, London N1 0PQ. 01-226 0189.

SAT 19 OCT

HISTORY WORKSHOP CENTRE FOR SOCIAL HISTORY The Politics of Work. A History of Work Group workshop. Ruskin College, Walton Street, Oxford. Sat. 19 2-7.30 p.m., Sun 20 11 a.m.-1.30 p.m. Papers by: S. Alexander, H. Behyon, C. Cockburn, C. Hall, T. Lane, K. McClelland, R.E. Phal, M. Savage, P. Thompson. For more information and tickets contact: History Workshop Centre for Social History, Ruskin College, Oxford OX1 2HE. Tel 0865 56041.

FRI 1 NOV

'SEX AND MARRIAGE in fact and fiction'. Progressive League Conference Easthampstead Park, Berks, 1-3 November. £50-£58. Speakers: John Braine, Josephine Pullein-Thomson, Faith Spicer, Brendan McCarthy. Particulars from: K. Dobbie, 162 Gunnersbury Avenue, London W3 8LB.

FRI 8 NOV

MIND-DAY CONFERENCE 'Mental Health in the Nuclear Age.' Examines how nuclear defence policies affect the mental health of individuals, and asks if we are more 'healthy' with the bomb. Speakers include: Dr Dorothy Rowe and Dr James Thompson. School of Pharmacy, Brunswick Square, London WC1. Cost £25, £9 unwaged, includes coffee, lunch, tea. Details/application forms from: Alban Wiseman, MIND, 22 Harley Street, London W1N 2ED. Tel 01-637 0741.

FORTHCOMING

SUPERVISION SKILLS AT WORK. Sat. 30 Nov., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Cost £30. Are you responsible for managing or supervising other people? The day will give you an opportunity to develop more productive relationships with them. Info/bookings: Skills With People, 15 Liberia Road, London N5 1JP. Tel. 01-359 2370.

T-SHIRTS

HURRY! JUST OUT! **"THACHULA"** Britain's biggest vampire. Get her on your chest. Two colours – Black & red M/L £6.25 XL £6.75 send cheque/PO to – **AdCo, 2 Blenheim Cres, London W11 1NN** (01-221 7680)

BETTER THAN A POKE IN THE EYE...
A Study of Community Employment Initiatives

This in depth study of groups trying to set up such initiatives, their successes, their problems and the lessons they learnt is even more *relevant now than it ever was to the issue of unemployment and* employment development.

A must for those who want to 'do something' about employment – but don't want to make the same mistakes as others. Complete with a list of *43 recommendations for action.*

£2.50 inc P&P, free to those who are unwaged, from: Voluntary Action Lewisham (Edu), 120 Rushey Green, London SE6. Tel: 01-690 4343 ext 4356.

NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS
SPECIAL EDUCATIONAL NEEDS AND TEACHER TRAINING
ONE DAY CONFERENCE
THURSDAY, 17 OCTOBER 1985
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER, LONDON SW1

The purpose of this Conference is to stimulate thought and discussion about initial and in-service teacher education for meeting special educational needs following the recent report of the Advisory Committee on the Supply and Education of Teachers (ACSET) June 1984. The Union argued in its response to this report that it is essential to have 'structured progress towards improving the preparation of teachers'.

Delegates will all be concerned in one capacity or another with special education. We hope that those attending will include teachers, chief education officers, advisers, students, politicians, representatives of the voluntary societies and members of the press.

The Conference fee is £15.

For further information and application forms apply to Penney Muir, Education Department, National Union of Teachers, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London, WC1H 9BD. Telephone 01-388 6191.

Whose history is it anyway?

HISTORY WORKSHOP 19

Brunswick Terrace, Leeds Polytechnic, Leeds.

Friday 22 – Sunday 24 November

Speakers include:
JOHN SAVILLE: *THE USES & ABUSES OF HISTORY*
JEAN McCRINDLE: *WOMEN & THE MINERS' STRIKE*
MURRAY BOOKCHIN: *ANARCHISM & ECOLOGY.*

Workshops: • Whose History • Anarchism • Militant & Moderate Mining Communities • Women's History • Nature & Socialism • Urban Culture & Politics • Immigration & Race • Textile History • Socialism & Poetry

Saturday Night: * Matamba * Johnny Jumps the Bandwagon. *
Exhibitions + Creche + Food + Drink.

Registration fees: £5 waged; £2 low-waged, part-time workers, students; £1 unwaged, pensioners, unemployed, school students.

For registration form & further details, please send s.a.e. to: HW19, Adult Education Centre, Springfield Mount, The University, Leeds LS2 9JT, West Yorkshire.

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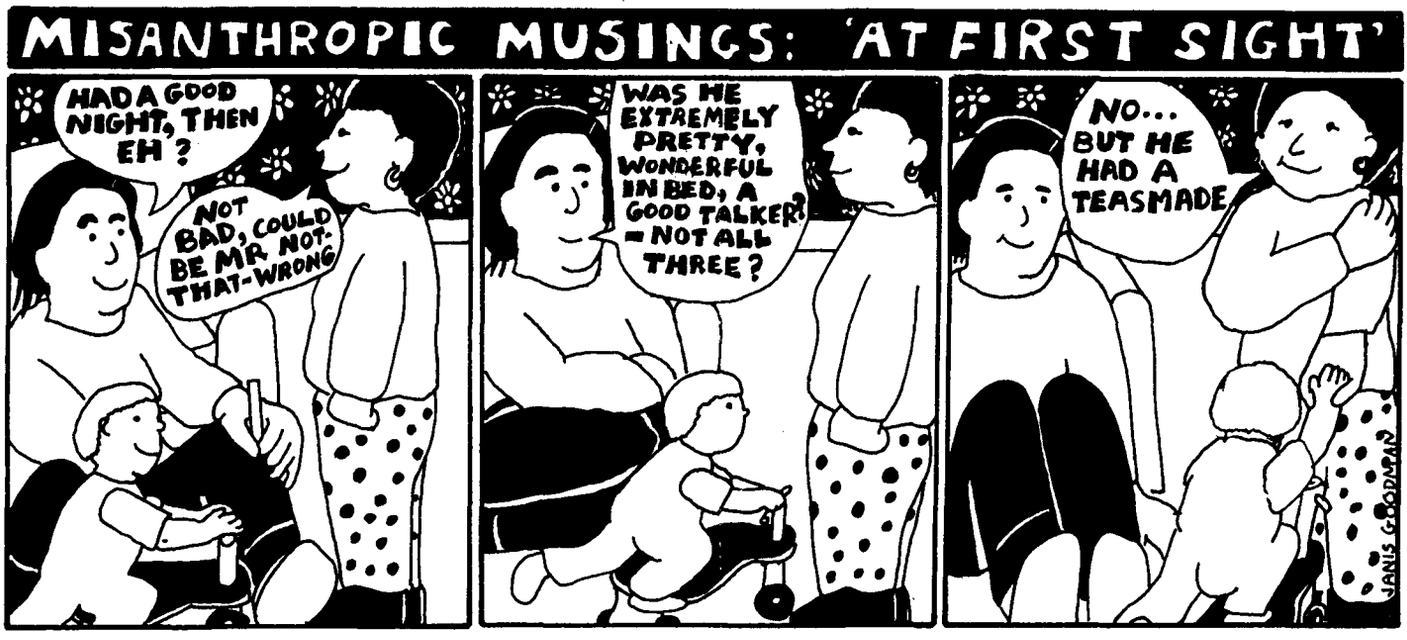

MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS: 'AT FIRST SIGHT'
HAD A GOOD NIGHT, THEN EH?
NOT BAD, COULD BE MR NOT-THAT-WRONG
WAS HE EXTREMELY PRETTY, WONDERFUL IN BED, A GOOD TALKER? - NOT ALL THREE?
NO... BUT HE HAD A TEASMADE
JANIS GOODMAN

CHESS

Position Play

TO HEAR that Tony Miles had tied for first place in the Tilburg tournament was no great surprise. He often excels in such star-studded fields, his disappointingly mediocre performances being reserved for Olympiads and world championship qualifiers (such as the Tunis interzonal earlier this year). The odd thing about Tony's performance was that he was playing on his stomach. As a result of an injury to his back medical advice was that a massage table should be substituted for the conventional chair.

His fellow grandmasters (Korchnoi, Hübner, Ljubojevic et al) found it somewhat disconcerting to play against the champion of the horizontal position. Was this posture really necessary? An innovative piece of British gamesmanship was suspected. However, the only relief they were granted from this awkward lie was the option of being seated at a separate board, so that they should have at most one ugly position to contemplate.

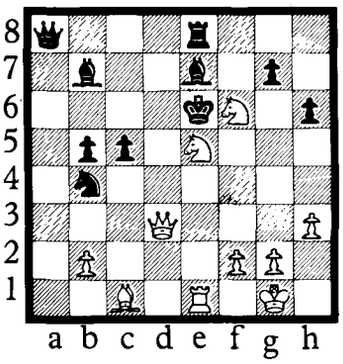
Do the laws of the game have anything relevant to say? Like most players, I manage to get by most of the time without bothering with anything beyond the basic rules ordaining how the pieces are to move. So I had to look it up. Article 15, dealing with the conduct of players, seemed the appropriate place. Reading this turned out to be alarming rather than helpful, for therein I found an amazing prohibition: '15.1 (d) It is forbidden to distract or annoy the opponent in any manner whatsoever.'

Freedom from annoyance in any stretch of life is an ambitious legislative aim indeed. Having revealed this dangerous clause, I had better limit the damage by appealing to readers not to invoke the letter of the law. Otherwise pandemonium threatens. Imagine tournament halls ringing with such cries as: 'Take him off, he's coughing again', 'If you light up once more, I'm calling the jury in', 'Sit up straight and wipe that smile off your face', and so on.

Presumably the state of being irritatingly young would escape prohibition on the grounds that it is not a piece of conduct. Whether remaining prone with your nose over the first rank qualifies is a nice question which I am not inclined to adjudicate on. As usual, we must lay the rule-book aside and put our trust in tolerance, common sense — and in this case physiotherapy.

Problem

White to play and hunt down Black's exposed King.



Solution

1. Neg_4+ Kf7 2. Nxh6+ ! gxh6 3. Qh7+ Kxf6 4. Qxh6+ Kf7 5. Qh7+ Kf6 6. Bg5+ ! Kxg5 7. Qg7+ and **1-0** in de Firmian-Nikolic, Tunis 1985, in view of **7 . . . Kf5 8. Re5+ Kf4 9. Qg3 mate.**

George Botterill

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
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Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: Hugh Stephenson; **Deputy Editor:** Sarah Benton; **News Editor:** Andrew Lumsden; **Editorial staff:** Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political editor), John Rentoul, Claudia Wright (Washington); **Literary Editor:** Gillian Wilce; **Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, John Duncan; **Display advertisements:** Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** Laura Berryman, David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £37; Europe (air mail only) £41; rest of world: air speeded £41; air mail £52. USA: air speeded $62; air mail $83. Canada: air speeded Can $72; air mail Can $97.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

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QUIZ

1) Who is Nikolai Ryzhkov?
2) Who is Vitaly Dzhurtchenko?
3) Who is 'a hen-pecked wimp', according to the American magazine *Vanity Fair*?
4) Who is not seeking reselection as a Labour MP, on the grounds that 'politicians too often behave like failing opera stars, never able to quit the stage'?
5) Which MP was served with a summons last week because of his mortgage arrears?
6) Which radio station celebrated a recent political upheaval by playing Paul Young's song 'Everything Must Change'?
7) Which radio station celebrated a recent broadcasting event by playing the Beatles' song 'Back in the USSR'?
8) Which member of the present British government wrote a book called *The Royal Baccarat Scandal*?
9) Which member of the present British government co-wrote a book called *The Smile on the Face of the Tiger*?

Answers

1) The new Soviet Prime Minister; 2) The new defector from the KGB; 3) Prince Charles; 4) Leo Abse; 5) Sir Edward du Cann; 6) Radio Uganda (after Obote's downfall); 7) BBC World Service (when the Soviet Union suspended jamming during the BBC's one-day strike); 8) Sir Michael Havers; 9) Douglas Hurd.

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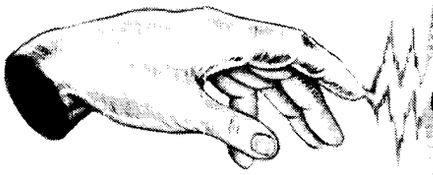

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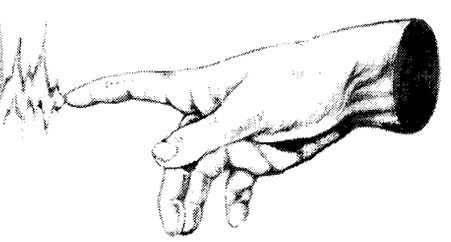

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